# THE NEW REPUBLIC

*A Journal of Opinion*

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## Over Here

American eyes this week are turned from Europe to Chicago. For some time to come we are more likely to be concerned with domestic politics than we have been for many months. It is striking that while democracy has nearly vanished from the rest of the world, we are still enjoying its normal processes. But before we congratulate ourselves too heartily on that fact, let us be sure that we make good use of the chance we still have. If we do not, we may not have the chance many years longer. Democracy is not and never has been fulfilment; it is opportunity.

## The Democrats Meet

By Tuesday, July 16, it looked more than ever as though the Democrats would nominate President Roosevelt for a third term, with someone other than Mr. Garner for Vice President. Threats of a third-party movement led by Senator Wheeler and John L. Lewis were fading away; Mr. Wheeler had apparently been brought into camp by the promise of a pledge not to send an army abroad, and Mr. Lewis was coming into camp under his own power, having suddenly discovered that his followers were already there and that he had nowhere else to go. It seemed probable that the platform would be much more isolationist than President Roosevelt himself would like, but there is no more chance than usual that it will very long survive election day. A Gallup poll reported that 38 percent of the people thought the Republicans would build national defense better than the Democrats, another 38 percent held the opposite view, and 24 percent felt it made little difference. These figures can be twisted into an argument in favor of either party—and no doubt they will be.

## Before the Blitzkrieg (England)

Hitler's attempted invasion of England may have begun before these words are printed; but on July 16, it did not seem probable. The longer he delayed his attack, the more Britain's stock rose in her own eyes and those of Americans. The German air raids were terrible but they did not seem to weaken Britain's defense materially, and they were offset by British raids over Germany which evidently did a lot of damage. The Germans claimed huge destruction of merchant ships, only to be answered by Churchill's calm statement that the British merchant marine is larger now than it was when the war began. The British pointed out that Hitler's propagandists said Germany had destroyed at least 25 percent more big battleships than England possesses in toto. That not all of them had been sunk, the Italians had good reason to know after a clash in the Mediterranean. The details were concealed but it seemed clear that Mussolini's fleet had fled for its life and that Italian bombing raids had not seriously harmed the British navy.

Ireland, still trying to cling to neutrality, agreed to permit the entry of British troops after the Germans had actually landed—at which time it would be almost too late. Mine fields were laid around Ireland and in the waters between Scotland and Iceland. Churchill's address on July 14, in which he counted over Britain's resources, breathed a spirit of cool confidence that must be disturbing to Hitler.

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## Defense Clears a Hurdle

For many months a major obstacle to the enlargement of arms production, whether for the Allies or for this government, has been the reluctance of business corporations to make large investments in new plant that might become useless before it was paid for out of the profits from arms manufacture. The rules of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, under the existing tax laws, did not permit rapid enough depreciation to retire the cost before the emergency might be over. Most manufacturers were willing to have the governments concerned pay for the plant extensions, but the governments were reluctant to do so except in cases of extreme necessity.

Recent decisions in Washington, however, have removed this obstacle. The White House, the Treasury and the Defense Commission have agreed on a new program for legislation which will permit rapid depreciation, but will at the same time recapture any exorbitant profits which might result, by an excess-profits tax. This is to be a general tax covering all industry as well as munitions concerns, and consequently the special limitations on profits hitherto imposed on aircraft and shipbuilding companies will be repealed. The principle looks like a good one; we hope the details will be so adjusted, and with such safeguards imposed on prices, that the defense program will not result in profiteering.

## Rescue the Children

The United States has now swept aside all the red tape that was hindering the entrance of child refugees from England. Visitors' visas will be granted for as many children as can be brought over for whom any public agency will stand responsible. It is a physical impossibility to bring out every child in England within the probable time limit before Hitler's attack, but we can and should do enormously better than at present. The British have been saying they might be forced to drop the scheme because they cannot spare warships for convoys, and the risk of sending unescorted vessels is too great. It seems to us that the Americans' duty is plain. Neither Germany nor Italy would dare to sink an American vessel on the high seas carrying a cargo of children. Our neutrality law should be changed at once to permit American vessels to be sent on this errand of mercy.

## Havana Headache

The nearer we get to the date of the Havana Conference the more dubious do its prospects seem. One of the important subjects scheduled to come before it was the United States' proposal for a great hemispherical cartel to buy up surplus products for export, so that no one country need be forced to trade alone with Germany. But reports from Washington say that American experts now believe this plan was hopelessly grandiose and that it will be whittled down to something far smaller—perhaps a proposal to buy the surplus of a few specified crops of a non-competitive type.

The other important subject is what to do about the possessions in this hemisphere of France, Belgium, the Netherlands and, if worst comes to worst, Great Britain. The French colonies have recognized the authority of the Vichy government, which means that they are already under Hitler's control, despite the loud assertions of the American Congress that we won't permit any such thing to happen. To avoid international friction and jealousy, something like a Pan-American League of Nations should be set up to take these territories under its mandate and control them, at least until free governments are restored in the European countries under whose sovereignty they are. But a Pan-American League of Nations faces great obstacles. Some of the Latin republics are openly or covertly pro-Fascist in their sympathies. Nearly all are distrustful of the United States, though this distrust has greatly diminished in recent years. Speed is necessary, yet Western Hemisphere diplomacy moves like molasses. It will require great skill and understanding by our diplomats if the Havana Conference is to come to any sort of successful conclusion.

## The Small States Disappear

Power politics in Europe has now got down to its simplest and grimmest basis. No country can stand in the way of anything desired by the three dictators, Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini, or by any one of them with the tacit consent of the others. Under this formula, Germany has brought Sweden within her orbit. Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania are about to be incorporated into the Soviet Union. Turkey will be forced to share with Russia the control of the Dardanelles. While Hungary and Bulgaria have been ordered to wait a while, it seems clear that most of what is left of Rumania will presently be carved up. If any small nation survives anywhere, it is not because its rights are respected by its big neighbors but because two or more of these big neighbors have conflicting interests that are momentarily in a state of balance. To be sure, if Great Britain wins her war with Germany, most or all of these arrangements will presently be undone; but to the millions of people whose allegiance is now changed, whose livelihood is destroyed or rendered precarious, whose world is suddenly turned upside down, that is a very big If.

## Closing the Burma Road

The British have gone a long way toward appeasing Japan. They have agreed that the Burma Road shall be closed to arms, ammunition and gasoline for the next two or three months, and that Japanese in-

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spectors shall see that the agreement is carried out. It is said in London that the rainy season is about to begin, when the road is nearly impassable in any case, and that the question can be reopened two or three months hence. Nevertheless, the British action is a heavy blow to the Chinese, since an important precedent has been set. Only a few days ago, the road through French Indo-China was closed to Chiang Kai-shek; he is now dependent entirely on the aid that Russia gives him and this in turn depends upon Stalin's desire to prolong the war and thus keep Japan too busy to bother him in Siberia. British sources talk about an immediate peace between Japan and China, but it is hard to see how this could be managed, since neither side is likely to surrender at present and Britain holds no trump cards in the Far East just now.

In London there is a tendency to put the blame for the partial surrender to Japan on the United States; but this is not very realistic. Our interests in China are far smaller than England's; we have nothing like Hong Kong or the Oriental section of an empire which demands that the white man's prestige shall be maintained. The whole truth is that everything depends on the outcome of the Anglo-German war. If Germany wins, Japan will undoubtedly take over the whole Orient, as she is itching to do. If Britain wins, we return to the *status quo ante*.

## Hoover Investigates Nye

A queer piece of news was inconspicuously printed on July 10 in some newspapers—not very many, so far as we know. It said that J. Edgar Hoover, of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, had been looking into the record of Senator Gerald P. Nye for pro-Nazi leanings. Mr. Hoover, it was said, had promised to show Mr. Nye the results of his inquiry. This is indeed an odd piece of business. Mr. Hoover would hardly investigate a member of the Senate without orders from someone higher up. Who could have given such an order and what possible basis was there for suspecting Mr. Nye's loyalty? He is of course one of the chief isolationists in the Senate, who has bitterly opposed Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy; but it is a big jump from the fact to an accusation of lack of patriotism. The investigation having been made, why did Mr. Hoover tell Senator Nye about it and offer to show him the dossier? Somebody owes Mr. Nye and the country an explanation of the whole affair.

## Trouble in the Newspaper Guild

The Newspaper Guild has just been through an unhappy convention at Memphis. For a long time there has been a deep split in the Guild between the national headquarters in New York and some of the locals in other cities. The New York group has been charged with inefficiency and with following too faithfully the Communist Party line. At the Memphis convention, by common consent, the question of Communist sympathy was not brought forward. Kenneth Crawford, Washington correspondent of PM, who was made president after the death of Heywood Broun, tried to withdraw from the race and at last reluctantly consented to stand again. He was defeated by Donal Sullivan of Boston, and the paid executives from New York City were reëlected. It looks as though the quarrel over the charge of communism would continue, with local units of the Guild in various parts of the country handicapped by disputes. The convention did not help matters when it refused to pass a resolution specifically condemning "communism, fascism and Nazism." It criticized "dictatorships" abroad and "subversive forces" at home, but seemed afraid to attack communism by name, just as the Democrats in 1924 were afraid to mention the Ku Klux Klan. The Newspaper Guild is one of the most successful white-collar unions; it is regrettable that its future should be endangered by a dispute that has nothing to do with wages, hours, security or any other aspect of working conditions.

## The Duke to the Bahamas

All sorts of stories have recently been in circulation about the Duke of Windsor. The burden of most of them has been that the Duke is too sympathetic toward the German Nazis for the British to feel comfortable about him. We do not know whether there is any truth in these reports; but we do know that it is an extraordinary humiliation for a former king to be made Governor of the Bahamas—a good deal worse than having no job at all. Despite hints from London that Something Big is to be done with the Bahamas, we take it for granted that the job is a sinecure; the British are experts at the fine art of bolstering up a political nonentity with brilliant, anonymous civil servants, who do the work while he gets the credit. Nevertheless, the tragic descent of a man who was once earth's greatest monarch must now be very nearly complete—an epic story which in less chaotic times than these would have supplied enough material for all the gossips of a century.

## Purge on the Campus

President Ruthven's action in expelling six leaders of the American Student Union from the University of Michigan without trial should set a new precedent for academic repression. Previous expulsions of student "troublemakers" from our universities have been more or less furtive affairs, with one or two students dropped, "poor grades" or "breach of discipline" charged, and the whole affair hushed up as quickly as possible. This case was different. President Ruthven made a Commencement Day speech warning that Michigan wanted no "subversive or fifth-column elements," and would not be "confused by sophistries built around meaning-

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ful but ill defined phrases such as 'freedom of the press' and 'freedom of speech.'" Soon afterward six leaders of the local ASU chapter received letters informing them that they were expelled, and several others received warnings. Parents were told that their children were "going around in bad company." An expelled student who wrote asking President Ruthven for reasons was told he was "a disturbing influence," and that he did not show appreciation for what had been done for him. No attempt has been made by the administration to disguise the case as anything but what it is: a flat repression of academic freedom. Already Wisconsin's Governor Heil has asked his state's university to ban "subversive" students. Certain colleges seem to be taking advantage of the country's fifth-column hysteria to do the purging of independent thought that some of them have been wanting to do for a long time.

### The City of Brotherly Repression

The country's present fifth-column hysteria has found Philadelphia fertile ground. With local patriots worked up by the sensational stories of bomb plots at the Republican convention, The Philadelphia Inquirer, published by the celebrated Moe Annenberg, began a campaign against fifty-eight Philadelphia school teachers who signed nominating petitions of the Communist Party. They have been threatened with punishment or dismissal, and teachers' unions and liberal organizations have come to their defense. In all the fuss, several basic facts seem to have been lost sight of. First, people who sign nominating petitions for the Communist Party are not necessarily members of the party or even sympathetic to it. The state election laws require only that they be qualified electors. Second, even if they are Communists, they are well within their legal rights as long as the Communist Party is a recognized minority party. Third, there has been no evidence at all that these teachers ever presented the Communist point of view to their classes, although even that is certainly within their rights of free speech. Lacking any legal basis for action, the authorities will probably be reduced to charging them with "unbecoming conduct." It would be difficult to find a more thorough travesty of democratic principles and procedures.

### Birth Certificate

Unless the national stomach is weaker than we fear it to be, you are in for a bad time with the song called "I Am an American" ("and proud of my lib-er-tee"). The lyric says little else but that; the music, mostly a rearrangement of the bugle call "Taps," is of the George M. Cohan variety, or in other words there is no music in it. But RCA-Victor has got records of it off the stampers, and feels it's the biggest thing since Columbus. The orchestra is billed as Gray Gordon and his tic-toc rhythm; the label is Bluebird. Coo.

### News Notes of a Week

The Hitler-Pétain government at Vichy arrested twenty persons, mainly Jews and radical journalists, for "pro-British activity." . . . General Almazán refused a compromise representation of both candidates in the Mexican government, and threatened to set up a government of his own unless he turns out to have been elected. . . . The British Air Ministry appealed for trained American volunteers and promised they would not have to swear allegiance to Britain. . . . Switzerland banned two newspapers following Italy's claim that they printed British communiqués. . . . The Italian press hinted at a peace offer to Britain.

The annual survey of the American Civil Liberties Union revealed that the major attack on civil liberties came from congressional legislation. . . . Test cases on the constitutionality of the WPA "Loyalty Oath" Act were still in progress. . . . The Workers' Defense League announced three lynchings in the first six months of 1940, all of white persons, denying previous reports that there had been none. . . . The Mutual network began a new radio serial, "Wings for America," to deal with fifth-column plots. They announced that it would train listeners "to recognize dangerous propaganda and do their bit to protect the nation from Trojan Horse agents."

## Reëlect Roosevelt

IF, AS APPEARS PROBABLE at this writing, Mr. Roosevelt is renominated by the Democratic Convention, it will be said that since there is no difference between Mr. Willkie and the President on questions of foreign policy and preparedness, and since these are now the only important considerations, those who are opposed to the Democratic nominee on other grounds may safely vote Republican. You may be dubious of breaking the third-term tradition, or in favor of balancing the budget, or just a constitutional Republican. If so, you can express your preference without any concern for the national safety.

This view of affairs seems to the editors profoundly erroneous, and it is for that reason we hope Mr. Roosevelt will be nominated, and shall support him if he runs. He has many faults, which we have not forborne to criticize. We are not and never have been devoted personal followers of his. If another able New Dealer could be nominated and elected we should be happy to support the substitute. Nevertheless, Mr. Roosevelt represents a constituency, and is the symbol of a tendency in the national life, which we believe must be returned to power if this nation is adequately to be made ready to deal with its enemies.

The reason is simple. The conflict now going on in the world is a conflict of ideas, of economic power, of

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resolution and *élan*. All these things lie behind the supply of munitions and the effectiveness of armies and navies. It is not just a question of making the right choices in foreign policy or of passing big appropriations for defense. It is a question of being ready for drastic changes and supreme effort, of fertilizing the imagination and the intelligence with deep-seated belief in a cause and a destiny.

Conservatives, defenders of the past, people who are concerned merely with protecting what they have and giving up as little as possible, are sure to fail in such a contest. The moving spirits of the Republican Party are largely that type of person, as is the reactionary wing of the Democratic Party. The one active force in American life which is capable of being galvanized into the requisite energy is the movement that looks forward to the promise of American life rather than backward toward its past. It is the loose but powerful aggregation which welcomes leadership that tries to achieve something different and better, and is willing to take chances to do so. This is the force that, with the help of Mr. Roosevelt, produced the New Deal and is so unsatisfied with its performance to date that it wants, not to tone it down but to push it ahead. It consists of the majority of the labor movement, of progressives in every walk of life. It will be, for the most part, behind Mr. Roosevelt or any other New Dealer in this campaign.

The Republican Party chose in Mr. Willkie its most aggressive, flexible and picturesque candidate. He will put on a good show; he will appear to be as nearly a Republican Roosevelt as it is possible to be. But his whole background and training, as well as much of the support that put him over in the convention, came from the elements of American life that have been fighting democratic change at every turn. He won his fame as the champion of the private electric utilities in their effort to resist governmental regulation, prevent public competition and discredit the TVA. Whatever one may think of Mr. Willkie's character and personality, he, like Mr. Roosevelt, is in politics a symbol and a representative of others. Behind him stand the cohorts of the bankers, corporation lawyers and industrial executives who have hated "that man in the White House" because in the interest of labor, farmers and other common folks he has used the power of government to trim their wings.

In no country has a representative of business been able to organize the nation efficiently for war. In Britain, Chamberlain, the Birmingham business man, made a foozle of it—and not just Chamberlain, but the whole Conservative mood and personnel, the British counterparts of our leading Republicans. In France it was not the Popular Front of Léon Blum but the enemies and destroyers of the Popular Front—the later business and financial supporters of Daladier—who failed to produce the needed munitions. This government may be able to use to advantage in the effort practical business executives like Mr. Knudsen or Mr. Nelson, or even the broader-minded corporation officials like Mr. Stettinius. But the moment these gentlemen try to install any drastic controls they will be opposed by many of their confrères in private life. They would be prisoners of the system from which they came, if it were not for resolute pressure from a government deriving its source of power from broader elements in the community. Mr. Willkie, like them, would be powerless to do the necessary job, even if he tried wholeheartedly to do so.

The need, furthermore, is much deeper than merely for mobilization of industry to make munitions. It is to invigorate and extend the democratic movement. The American people will not dedicate their lives to a preservation of unemployment, inequality of opportunity, unjust distribution of income and waste of the nation's resources because of private greed and carelessness. They will not submit in a whole-souled fashion to the discipline of the military in behalf of a business order that insists on maintaining its individualistic prerogatives contrary to the demands of the common welfare. If this is an effort to preserve democracy, it is also an effort to fulfill democracy, and it must be commanded by those whose hearts are in the endeavor. Mr. Roosevelt's own chief deficiency is that he has not moved strongly and resolutely enough in his chosen direction, and has not perceived clearly enough the impossibility of achieving democratic victory abroad without democratic victory at home.

## Labor Should Take the Lead

FOR SO MANY YEARS the nation has been accustomed to slack production and a surplus labor supply that it may have forgotten what happens when war or danger of war brings recognition of the fact (which ought also to be recognized in peace but is not) that the public welfare is absolutely dependent on maximum output and efficiency. Those who can remember twenty-three years back, however, may recall in what a different atmosphere the "labor problem" was then discussed. Then it was not a question of finding jobs for men but of finding men for jobs. Setting minimum wages was of less urgency than moderating what were called labor's "exorbitant demands." Labor "unrest" was not just a matter for the academic sociologist or for moral denunciation on the part of conservatives, it was something to be avoided in practice at all costs, because it meant peril of defeat on the battlefield. When workers are in demand, labor's power increases.

At the beginning, of course, there was a threatening debasement of labor standards, especially in the matter of hours and the employment of women and children under crowded and insanitary conditions. There were thunderings against unions which were so unpatriotic

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as to decline to abandon all protection of the worker during the national emergency—while employers' profits were being doubled or trebled. Strikes were invariably the result of "alien agitators," and undertaken by pro-Germans or "Reds." But before long, wiser counsel prevailed. It was seen that in a democratic society one could choose either to repress labor and try to smash unions or to win the war, but one could not do both at once (as the French have recently learned). High morale and productive efficiency were the chief requirements for the national purpose, and they required the willing coöperation of the workers.

Fatigue studies clearly showed the inefficiency of the long working day. The government itself insisted on sanitary and other working standards in defense industries, and enforced them on reluctant employers by refusal of orders. It set up instruments for mediation and arbitration to settle disputes without the necessity for interrupting production. Management engineering and personnel work, installed by employers with the idea of increasing the potential of labor power and winning the good will of employees at the same time, had a great boom.

Now we are just beginning to feel the effects of labor shortage in a few key occupations. Emphasis is being laid on training and apprenticeship, on improvement of labor exchanges and other machinery for organizing the labor market. No doubt in time, if the defense program keeps on growing, we shall again see what a general labor shortage means and how it compels a different attitude toward the workers. But in important respects the present problem has been altered from that of 1917.

In 1917 there were many fewer members of unions than at present. Under the Gompers-ruled AFL most of the leaders were even more provincially craft-minded than that organization is at present. They had scarcely a foothold in most of the great industries such as steel, food, textiles. The metal-trades employers, under whom munitions were principally made, were for the most part bitterly anti-union and strongly organized to remain so. "Labor" was a sort of outsider, usually not admitted to the family table, but now a factor of production which had to be appeased and cajoled so that it would not make trouble. In these circumstances the natural action for union officials and employers, under the guidance of government, was to agree to a sort of protocol abandoning for the duration of the war the battle for extension of the unions on the one hand or their destruction on the other. Both sides promised, for the sake of output, to postpone the struggle for power, while the government sought to adjust specific grievances. And so the unions failed to take advantage of the situation to extend their organization into the basic industries.

Now all that is changed. The development of the democratic spirit, under the stress of the great economic collapse, has brought about a wide extension of the labor movement in industry and of its political power, even at a time when millions were unemployed. Steel, automobiles, food industries, transport and the rest of the great industries are largely organized. More than that, national legislation requires employers to abandon their opposition to unionization. They are compelled by law not to try to undermine the organization of workers for collective bargaining, and to bargain with workers through representatives of their own choosing. This law has been upheld by the courts. The national will has been registered that unions shall exist and function everywhere the workers want them. The law, to be sure, is defied, but only by anarchistic autocrats such as Henry Ford and Tom Girdler.

Under these conditions the Gompers type of protocol is out of the question. Labor will not and cannot agree to surrender the right to organize and bargain collectively, which it has already established so widely, and which the law grants it universally. If a strike for union recognition is threatened on account of the recalcitrance of the employer, it will be clear that he is guilty of sabotaging the national effort. It is no longer a question of cajoling organized labor and bidding it be good; it is a question of enforcing the rights that labor has won and has shown its capacity to exercise. The defense organization in Washington should be prepared in case of necessity to take over and operate for the nation any establishment where an interruption of production is threatened because the employer disobeys the labor laws. Some such provision is basic to everything else in labor administration during the present emergency.

The situation has also been changed in another and broader aspect. Labor is no longer an outsider at the family table. If we are preparing to defend democracy against Hitlerism, labor has a greater stake in that defense than any other element in the community. There is no question of appeasing or bribing labor to consent to coöperate with the rest of the population. The rights and the existence for which the nation is preparing to fight if necessary are the essence of labor's own aspiration. If it is not vitally interested in the struggle, we are lost at the start. Who have been the appeasers and the traitors in other countries? Not representatives of labor, but enemies of the labor movement in high places. The chief vitality of the effort must come from labor itself. It must assume a leading role. It must help to bring the rest of us into line.

The strength of the Churchill government in Britain is not just that Churchill is a more far-seeing and vigorous man than was Chamberlain. It is that he has tapped the vital sources of democracy by making room for labor at the helm. Labor executives are in charge of industrial mobilization, they are compelling business to abandon its particularistic habits and serve the national interest. Under this leadership the workers themselves are so eager to advance production that they would not dream of interrupting it by strikes or sabo-

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taging it by unreasonable requirements. The National Union of Railwaymen and the Scottish miners are so eager to defeat Hitler that they have demanded the removal from the Cabinet of Mr. Chamberlain and the other appeasers. It was labor in the railway shops which objected to making luxury passenger cars instead of tanks. Only labor can check the industrial slackers among the bosses.

The majority of American workers have this same spirit. The administration has made a good beginning by appointing Sidney Hillman on the Advisory Defense Commission to coördinate and train the labor supply. He has gathered about him a group of able leaders from both the AFL and the CIO, and has already demonstrated his ability to induce the workers and employers in essential industries—as in aluminum and West Coast shipping—to arrive at reasonable settlements rather than allowing disputes to breed strikes. If the nation will permit labor to take a lead in its own battle, there need be no great worry about "labor trouble." If labor will insist on taking the lead, it will triumphantly serve both the nation and itself.

## Who Wanted Willkie?

THE OFFICIAL THEORY about Wendell Willkie is that nobody wanted him to be the Republican candidate except the plain people. The machine politicians, when they came to Philadelphia, were all set to choose a machine politician like themselves, but the spontaneous and unrehearsed enthusiasm of the grass roots forced them into panic-stricken retreat. That is the theory, but we doubt whether it will continue to hold water much longer. People are beginning to realize that the Willkie campaign was one of the most skillful professional publicity jobs the country has ever seen.

The current issue of Tide lists some of the experts who have worked and are working with Mr. Willkie. There is Russell Davenport, recently managing editor of Fortune, an able journalist. There is Robert L. Johnson, publisher of Promenade, a founder of Time, and another expert in promotional activities. There is Fred Smith of Selvage and Smith, the publicity man who did the extremely clever job of putting Bruce Barton into Congress. There is Harry M. Shackleford, advertising manager of the Johns-Manville Corporation. There is Steve Hannagan, another crack publicity man. There are Ned Stevenson and associates, councillors on radio relations, who looked after the radio end. There is Stanley Resor, president of the big advertising agency, the J. Walter Thompson Company, now treasurer of the United Republican Finance Committee of New York. There are a group of advertising-agency men on the Pacific Coast, in the J. Walter Thompson branch office and others. Tide might also have mentioned Bruce Barton, who is not only a successful politician in his own right but a leading member of the big advertising firm of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, Inc.

The joint job done by all these skilled experts was something wonderful to behold. They suppressed the picture of Willkie, the New Yorker, the public-utility president, the big man in Wall Street, and built up in its stead the portrait of a tousle-headed, badly dressed, easygoing small-town boy from Indiana. They did their best to keep Willkie's millionaire friends out of sight, and were greatly embarrassed when Tom Lamont of J. P. Morgan and Company turned up in Philadelphia. They put classified advertisements in the personal columns of newspapers all over the country calling on volunteers to work for Willkie, and thus organized about 700 Willkie clubs. Tide says that the New York experts did their best to discourage the avalanche of telegrams addressed to the delegates at Philadelphia, remembering previous scandals about telegrams on behalf of the public utilities, many of which turned out to be fakes. If this is true, some of the local clubs were both persistent and skillful; not only were many thousands of telegrams received, but large numbers of them went to the individual delegate with his hotel and room number correctly given. The New York experts also prevented the use of big newspaper advertising space on Willkie's behalf, on the ground that it would smell of too much money.

All this is not to say that there was no genuine demand for Willkie throughout the country. He has an attractive personality, his opponents were pretty colorless, and Americans love new faces. This spontaneous demand, however, was built up carefully by a group of the smartest publicity experts in the country, and we hate to see their beautiful professional job go unrecognized.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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# That Man in the White House

IN A TIME when many of our best minds have denied the validity of traditional religion, the "imperial throne of godhead, fixed forever" celebrated by Milton seems to have become "the verdict of history." To fall into history's "dust-heap" is considered a fate more terrible than all eternity in hell: and sainthood, conversely, becomes simply the canonization bestowed by the "worship of future generations." But this is not an aberration, as might appear, peculiar to our unmoored age. The ailment is as old as recorded time, a class disease like gout, peculiar to the eminent and those who seek eminence: pharaohs, princes, poets —and, on a much lower level, politicians. A feverish concern with "history" is the one thing Calvin Coolidge shared with Napoleon: and when Franklin D. Roosevelt built a library for his papers at Hyde Park he was voicing, more arrogantly, the same hopes and fears that troubled the dying Keats—wondering if he would be remembered among the English poets.

The statement that the only thing we can learn from history is that we can learn nothing from history is only a glib mandarinism. The teachings of history may be modest, but hardly unimportant—except, that is, to those who want history to shore up the rickety structures of their "systems" and get angry when it won't. One of history's lessons is that the observations of a man's contemporaries are apt to be confusing, contradictory and prejudiced: thus underlining the fact that all comment—even that of so-called "pure reason"—has an emotional bias. And another lesson, apparent to every schoolboy, is that the chapter-headings of today are often the footnotes of tomorrow. Still a third lesson, come upon by Shakespeare, is that greatness may be attained in various ways—that of princes, warriors and statesmen being achieved in a different manner from that of poets, painters and scientists. The greatness of Walt Whitman, finally, is a testimony to individual accomplishment. That of Napoleon is a tribute, not only to personal genius, but also to the spirit and endurance of the French foot-soldier.

Various persons have told us that Franklin Delano Roosevelt will be remembered as one of the four great Presidents in American history. Whether or not these soothsayers are correct, for only soothsayers are brave enough to anticipate the eventual decisions of our historical godhead, it is certain that Mr. Roosevelt will never be made to suffer the indignity of a footnote. His place in history would be secure were it only for the fact that history seems reluctant to leave him alone. It rumbles about his head like thunder. He attracts its flashes the way a vein of iron in a mountain attracts the cracklings of an electric storm.

But this is not greatness. Palmerston, Louis XVI, Jefferson Davis—they too moved in the center of significant events. The historian of the future, or the biographer, having fully examined the pattern of Mr. Roosevelt's time, will still have to answer this question: "Wherein, if great he was, did the greatness of Franklin D. Roosevelt lie?" And the fury of their argument, since historians can be as noisy as drunken poets, will be something to behold.

Refusing the role of soothsayer, leaving the future to care for itself, we can attempt but a partial evaluation. To do otherwise would be to proceed on the basis of insufficient evidence. Mr. Roosevelt stands on the highest pinnacle of his career—but not necessarily its climax: certainly not its conclusion. We can, therefore, merely examine the road he has traveled and try to discover, if possible, something of the nature of the man and how he came to assume his towering stature —casting his shadow, or his light, upon us all.

Some of Mr. Roosevelt's intimates, with ready access to the White House, have asked us to believe that there is a central beam of thought, a basic philosophy, supporting the architecture of his life: and, as part of that life, his program. One not so privileged, lacking the illumination of intimate experience, is forced to wonder if such a beam is actually there. To do so is in no sense an impertinence: no attempt to strike a final judgment. It may well be that the historian of 1960 will support the claims of Mr. Roosevelt's enthusiasts —detecting the credo, the persistent line, not now readily perceived.

But it is not enough, not nearly enough, to say that Mr. Roosevelt is a liberal. Liberal in what way, by what definition, for how long? Was he a liberal in 1920, campaigning with Cox? Or in 1928 when he put Al Smith's name before the Democratic convention in Houston, Texas? Or was his liberalism a plant of slow maturation, watered by time and manured by experience, coming to its first full flowering in 1933?

What is sought is not a strict and unyielding mental rigidity, no absolutism of "principle," but simply a loose frame for speech and action. When the unpledged freshman Calvin Coolidge, for example, wrote home from Amherst that he was determined to get into a fraternity because it was a "good thing," he was following a line that ran through all his future behavior. It was a "good thing" to be a party wheel-horse, a "good thing" to be associated with the Massachusetts industrialists, a "good thing" to occupy the White House.

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The character of Franklin D. Roosevelt, it may be objected, is far more complex and varied than was that of the pinched little squire of Northampton. True—but Abraham Lincoln was also a man of complex character. This did not prevent him from stating, as early as 1834, a central and compelling intention. He was then standing for a place in the Illinois legislature and, in a letter to The Sangamon Journal, concluded as follows: "If elected I shall consider the whole people of Sangamon my constituents, as well those that oppose as those that support me." And so it was when he came to the presidency. The Southern people, as well as the Northern, were his constituents. Even in revolt they remained Americans. "I love the Southern people more than they love me," he said to a caller in 1865. "My desire is to restore the Union. I do not intend to hurt the hair of a single man in the South if it can possibly be avoided."

Perhaps it is easier to love dead heroes than live ones: but Franklin D. Roosevelt, great or not great, is no Abraham Lincoln. Certain similarities, however, suggest themselves. The political Lincoln—like the political Roosevelt—did not mature until he was nearly fifty. Essentially a Jeffersonian, a warm-hearted man who loved justice and distrusted excessive authority, Lincoln was eventually driven to the conclusion that the liberalism of yesterday could not do the work of today. And, again like Roosevelt, though for different reasons, he often appeared to be caught in a conflict between economics and humanitarianism, between realism and idealism, between the rights of property and the imperatives of justice.

Here the resemblance ends. Whether Mr. Roosevelt has ever thought through to the essential issues of his time is something for the historian of the future to decide. It is certain, however, that he never has presented those issues with the forthright clarity of Lincoln's Springfield address of June 16, 1858—his famous "This government cannot endure permanently half-slave and half-free." Even the best of Mr. Roosevelt's speeches, in this respect, are unsatisfactory—betraying either a lack of thorough comprehension, as his critics say, or a reluctance to take the nation into his full confidence.

One inclines more and more to the latter view. The essential issue of the Supreme Court fight, the constitutional question involved, was clouded in obfuscation, anger and meaningless rhetoric. And, in respect to our foreign policy, Mr. Roosevelt has been anything but clear. He seems caught, as he has seemed caught before, between the intellectual's desire to create public opinion and the politician's eagerness to follow it. The President's tenure of office, in relation to this conflict, has been like a prolonged wrestling match with one Roosevelt, then the other, on top.

One doubts if Mr. Roosevelt's claim to greatness will rest on his intellectual achievements. Saying so is no discourtesy: Lincoln and Jackson were also, even happily, no great shakes as intellectuals. But closer to the point, in this informal investigation of greatness, is the difference between Roosevelt and Jefferson.

Of all our important political leaders, the character of Jefferson is perhaps the most obscure. The observations of his contemporaries, like those of Mr. Roosevelt's, are well-nigh valueless—idealized by love, distorted by hate. Certain facets of his personality, furthermore, have been scratched and worn by time—Jefferson the agrarian, Jefferson the isolationist, Jefferson the spokesman of states' rights. But he emerges from his writings, particularly his letters, not only as a great philosopher of democracy but also as one of the foremost American intellectuals—at home with ideas, deeply read, moving easily in the field of speculation, keenly observant of men and manners at home and abroad.

Jefferson, for every believer in democracy, is a seminal thinker. Even so casual a thing as his letter to James Madison, written from Paris on January 30, 1787, may be read with profit today. It is all very well for a poet to declare that "we do not ask for tongues from Thomas Jefferson" (while speaking with a slightly Jeffersonian accent himself), but this does not alter the plain fact that some dead tongues speak more wisdom than living ones. Franklin D. Roosevelt has frequently given statement—eloquent, moving statement—to ideas. But, in the main, they have been other men's ideas: "economic democracy," for instance, and "planning." It was important and necessary that he should do so: for this service he deserves our thanks. Yet, while the godhead of history may conclude otherwise, he seems more a broker of ideas, a highly gifted salesman, rather than a man of ideas himself—ideas, that is, of enough significance to support a claim to greatness.

As it is not enough to say that Mr. Roosevelt is a liberal, neither is it enough to cite the New Deal as testimony of his genius. What New Deal? That of 1932, or 1936, or 1940? And if it is true that the New Deal bears little or no relation to the social architecture Mr. Roosevelt hoped to erect, as we have been told on excellent authority, what then? Does not the picture change from that of a man driving events to one driven by them? Does not the New Deal become an improvised, ill planned and in some respects a pretty rickety affair?

The answer to these questions is neither yes nor no. Mr. Roosevelt, in all truth, has not been the master-builder his more heated propagandists would have us believe. The New Deal has left us, after seven years, with all our major problems unsolved. Yet, if this be admitted, it must also be admitted that Mr. Roosevelt has done more than, as they say in Wall Street, "anybody else could have done by running the country head-over-heels into debt." There is no reason why we

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cannot recognize the contributions made by the New Deal while doubting that it will guarantee Mr. Roosevelt a place among our great Presidents.

Yet, as was said at the beginning, his place in history is secure—but only if the opponents of republicanism do not write the future history books. And here, in this qualification, we come to what may well be the true greatness—perhaps the accidental greatness—of Franklin D. Roosevelt. He emerges, out of the fog of a stormy time, as one of the great spokesmen of democracy—giving new articulation to those old and simple ideas which, if democracy is to survive, must truly be weapons.

He came to the presidency in a black moment of a black, black time. Democracy, as a form of government, was being laughed at and derided. Many of the intellectuals now loving it so noisily were, in these very pages, with that easy despair so characteristic of many men of letters, writing of America as jungle, America as wasteland, America as washed-up. There was a red dawn over Moscow that had not yet turned out to be merely a reflection of the bombed towns and burning villages of Finland and, at home, the desperate and the hungry were listening to Huey Long.

It was then, in 1933, that Franklin D. Roosevelt began to carry the country forward to the modern stage of democratic realization—to the point, that is, where the immediate and direct interest of the government in the welfare of all its citizens is also recognized as a democratic principle. And none too soon! He is, in one sense, the boy at the democratic dike: plugging its most dangerous gap while the true nature of all those systems arrayed against democracy revealed themselves for what they actually are.

If democracy survives, if the Bill of Rights does not become simply another scrap of paper, the methods and mistakes of Mr. Roosevelt will be forgotten—just as the mistakes of Lincoln and Jackson have been forgotten: those of Jackson, especially. Men loom in history, not only as men, but also as symbols. Name any great American President and you name a symbol of American democracy. President Roosevelt, deservedly or not, is just such a symbol as he comes to the end of his second term. But the verdict that future generations will pass upon him depends upon the future of the democratic way of life. The totalitarians will have no more use for democratic symbols than the Bantus have for the gods of the Wangas. And this dependency leans, more immediately, upon the strength of this country's determination to embrace democracy as a living, vibrant faith—equal in intensity to the religion of destruction that impels the dynamics of the Caesarian states. The President, furthermore, is still very much with us. It seems possible, as this is written, that he may even be with us for a third term. We may accord him the honor that is his, then, but it is much too soon to enthrone him among our native gods.

HAMILTON BASSO

# Men First, Money Second

THE UNITED STATES has been rocked by the battle of the budget for eight years. It has been chiefly a verbal battle, for the federal budget has come up, bloody but unbowed, to the tune of two or three billions every year. To Republicans this provides a God-given argument for the coming campaign. To hard-money men it portends the end of the world. We stand and gape at the national debt as though it were ten Empire State Buildings, one on top of the other. Colossal, incredible! What will our grandchildren do when it falls on them? We are not permitted to learn from the press or the financial magazines that:

1. The federal budget is almost without meaning as it stands.

2. The debt burden is no greater in 1940 than it was in 1920, because the interest rate on government borrowings has been cut in half.

3. The credit of the government was never stronger, with some issues being oversubscribed twenty times.

4. Our per-capita debt is far lower than that of Great Britain or France before the war.

5. Compared to the deficits now being contracted by every European nation, our deficits are mere flea-bites.

6. Without the spending of money for the relief of bankers, railroads, home-owners, farmers and the unemployed, we should have been sunk long since.

There is nothing praiseworthy about government debts as such, but it is well to remember why Mr. Hoover was forced to start the march, and why Mr. Roosevelt was forced to continue it. It is an especially good idea to look at our debts in relation to the whole world picture. If we are broke, then the rest of the world has long since expired in a debtors' prison.

Take Switzerland, for instance. She is not at war as I write. Yet the war is costing her $1,000,000 a day, $360,000,000 a year, for military defense measures alone. A comparable defense appropriation for the United States would be over $12,000,000,000 a year. Our whole federal budget, "squanderings," defense and everything, has been about $9,000,000,000 a year. If we were in Switzerland's shoes, our annual deficit would be about $15,000,000,000 instead of $3,000,000,000. What would Mr. Taft say to that?

Britain is spending at a rate per capita which would mean $40,000,000,000 a year over here. She is spend-

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ing half her national income for war purposes. On this basis, with no increase in taxes, our deficit would be more than $30,000,000,000. A drink of water, please, for Mr. Taft. In two years, at this rate, the federal debt would go sailing over the $100,000,000,000 mark. The National Economy League has made a similar estimate. To hold it down a little, every man with an annual income of more than $5,000 would probably have to pay from 25 to 90 percent of it in taxes—as in Britain.

The French, a thrifty people, pumped 60 percent of their national income into the war machine. The Germans are undoubtedly pumping a greater percentage. Italy, Sweden, Turkey, Yugoslavia can hardly be behind the Swiss allotment, and may be above it. Rumania has more than a million men chronically under arms, and they all have to eat. There is not a nation in Europe, at war or "neutral," which is not running a per-capita deficit that makes the New Deal deficits look like chicken feed.

I should guess that at least 50,000,000 men in Europe are under arms or making munitions. If the war stopped tomorrow, they would all be unemployed. This would produce a situation only less acute than the war itself. There is no conceivable method whereby it could be solved on the principles of free enterprise and "sound" finance.

All belligerents and most neutrals have established ironclad controls of everything coming into their country and everything going out. They are rationing their internal supplies. The British have two foreign currencies, a regular pound at $4.03, and a "Black Bourse" pound which goeth where the wind listeth. It already listeth pretty violently into Mr. Hull's concepts of international free trade. Whoever wins the war, there will be little free trade in the Eastern Hemisphere. Instead there will be barter, blocked currencies and rationing, with the chances strongly against anyone's taking out gold in exchange for goods. If the Nazis win, they will operate the lands they control as a closed system. Russia is already such a system, and Japan is on the way. We have had trouble with blocked pounds; but these are the merest hints of the trouble that is coming. To survive economically in this post-war world, we shall either have to go completely isolationist, or meet barter deal with barter deal, meet government control of foreign trade with controls of our own. An all-American cartel is already projected.

The Germans have cleaned out their rich men and capitalists. Goebbels has publicly announced that all private property is subject to requisition. The British have done the same. Britain is supposed to be fighting to defend capitalism and free enterprise, but there is little power or cash left in that quarter now. Every day the war continues there will be less. Income and inheritance taxes are at dizzy heights. American securities owned by British citizens have been commandeered. Capital levies, price fixing, inflation, are on the way.

The economic systems of European neutrals and former neutrals are becoming hopelessly unhinged. Look at Denmark, with her merchant marine gone, her colonies gone, and with reduced feed for her livestock. Her great dairy industry was based on imported fertilizer, oil cake and other feed. Now imports are cut off by the blockade. Look at Holland, with a headless empire. To exist at all, neutrals may have to ally themselves with one of the major belligerent powers, and so become vassals rather than sovereign states. The war seems to be teaching that sovereignty under modern technological conditions is impossible without at least 10,000 fighting planes, 5,000 tanks, and dependable sources of foodstuffs, coal, petroleum and metals. After this war, there may be no little countries left in Europe at all. Those which escape outright annexation will be bound into federations. Their peoples will conclude, I think, that they cannot ever again afford the luxury of sovereignty. It is federation or national blackout. The airplane is primarily responsible.

Germany has won many initial successes because a supreme command can have orders carried out secretly and swiftly. Britain has already met this threat with stern dictatorial measures of her own. Mr. Churchill has been appointed supreme war lord with power to commandeer any person, any property, in England. It is a choice between "freedom" and defeat, and the choice has been made. Britain to win, or to prevent defeat, will do what she has to do. If this means invading neutrals as the Nazis have done, she must do it. She is certainly partly responsible for the invasion of Norway. International law was never more than a set of habits. A legal code is an absurdity without police to enforce it, but we have never had a world policeman. Under the pressure of war the habits are being violated right and left, and the whole structure is collapsing. What are we going to put in its place?

The economy of Europe is already distorted almost beyond recognition. Where are the gold standard, property rights, the rights of neutrals? Where are free trade and free exchange? Where are the rights of labor and the rights of capital? In a year or two more of war, the European economy will look like something from the back of the moon. That goes for most of Asia as well. If the war ends this year with a German victory, the economy of Europe may be stabilized, but in a form never seen on sea or land.

No nation is any longer asking: "Where's the money coming from?" Yet no nation is going bankrupt financially, or worrying about going bankrupt that way. When Italy invaded Ethiopia without gold or credit, the bankers of the world worried for her solvency, but Mussolini did not worry. Nobody now is letting gold and credit seriously interfere with action. There are just two questions governments are asking: *Have we the men? Have we the raw materials?* If we have, we are all right; if not, we are sunk. Switzerland cannot

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possibly afford the costs of permanent mobilization. Of course she can't. But the army, in defiance of all calculus of cost, will continue to guard her passes. Men first; money second.

For three centuries, more or less, the opposite principle has prevailed in western countries. Money first; men second. The deciding question has been: Can the project be paid for? If the money could not be found it was not done, no matter how many able-bodied men walked the streets or what mountains of raw materials were available. The New Deal has been hag-ridden with this imperative. The Republicans expect to elect a President to enforce the principle. Yet in the old world it is breaking up. In Canada it is breaking up.

The reversal of this time-honored rule is not altogether unexpected. In the First World War it was jolted. The Allies took what they needed from us, and have not paid for it yet. They never will pay for it. Such a default—$12,000,000,000 to date—would have been unthinkable in the nineteenth century. Today, in the United States it is almost forgotten. The Allies needed these supplies to win; whether they could pay for them was a secondary consideration. Russia, covering one-sixth of the habitable land of the planet, was first to forsake conventional ideas of money in 1917. They have given Russia little trouble for twenty-three years. In the world depression of 1929, the money-first principle was jarred some more. As unemployment spread, governments took steps to care for their helpless citizens, no matter what it cost. Unbalanced budgets became universal. And now, with the new war, the principle is on its last legs. Look at Japan and China, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

Is the time coming when money is no longer the preeminent consideration, when it no longer controls the movement of goods, but is secondary to that movement? Will the United States capitulate to the new imperative? If it does not, how long can the old fort be held? How long can we go on saying that idle men cannot be put to work on useful projects because we cannot afford it? Powerful governments are feeling their way toward supplying their citizens directly, without benefit of rentiers, interest rates, returns to capital, higgling the market. If this keeps up, how long will it be before the only place to see a stock-exchange ticker will be in a museum? I do not pretend to know.

Of course, if we enter the war on a big scale, the answer is easy. Almost immediately the American economy will go on a physical basis. The budget balancers will be stricken dumb. Their cries are even now subsiding in the face of the imperative demand for more adequate defense. Nobody will worry much about the national debt. We shall do what we have to do in the way of moving men, ships, iron ore, munitions, fighting planes, and to hell with the cost. There will be just one query: *Is energy available to move them?* My guess is that if we go to war we shall never return to the convention of putting money first. I may be wrong.

If we do not go to war—and despite its educational value in finance, I hope we don't—the outlook is more uncertain. It may be that we are in for one last stand by the defenders of money *über Alles*. That principle has many able and sincere defenders. They really believe that it is the best way to run a country. Unless a thing "pays" it should not be undertaken. This is why government projects, however beneficent, come under their censure. A public investment strikes them as perverse. The financial motive, they say, the incentive of profit, gets things done, while planning for the general welfare degenerates into bureaucratic inefficiency and waste. This is a powerful argument, supported by most Americans, as any Gallup poll would show. Strangely enough, however, it is not supported by Mr. Churchill and Herr Goering, who above all others are trying to get things done.

One last stand we may have, on the line of free enterprise, "economy" and sound finance. I doubt if the line can be held for long. It will buckle because it cannot adequately move the goods, or substantially reduce the number of the unemployed. With everything in its favor, including the blessing of Mr. Hoover, and the acclaim of the people, it buckled in 1929 right down to the edge of doom. If it could not hold then, how can it hold now, with our economy in a condition of chronic stagnation? This is a free country, and if the majority of the voters want it tried, it should be tried. Let Mr. Willkie see what he can do.

Again, what will happen when the war ends? An exhausted world may be in desperate need of our goods, yet unable to pay for them. Shall we not be called upon to underwrite huge credits for orphans and famine sufferers abroad? Is there any way to do this on the basis of sound finance and six percent?

If, after fair trial, it can be proved to the satisfaction of the voters that the old line cannot be maintained, then a program for genuine recovery becomes politically possible. Then we can do what needs to be done at home or abroad. The essence of such a program will be to use money to employ men and to move goods. If an interest rate of zero facilitates the movement, it will be used. If a heavy tax on idle money facilitates the movement, it will be used. (One such program I outlined in The New Republic last week.) We shall follow other nations in assuming that anything can be paid for if men and machines are unemployed and materials are available.

Such a program need not be anywhere near so drastic as those now in force in Europe, in parts of Asia, or even in Canada. If we put our minds on it, we can work out something which might well be a model for other nations to imitate after the war is over. They have not hesitated to accept our leadership in many industrial techniques and inventions. If we could lead in

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solving the financial problems raised by the pressure of those techniques, it might prove the most useful invention that we ever exploited. We have time to test and check our model. They have no time.

But we can do them little good by exporting economic models designed for the days of President McKinley. We cannot do our citizens any good by adopting such models. We cannot find useful work for our people by singing songs about the American dream. We must have a program designed for the power age; for a time of great turmoil and transition. Unless we are to go against a massive world trend, that means men first and money second. STUART CHASE

*This is the second of two articles by Mr. Chase.*—THE EDITORS

# What Chance for Revolutions?

THE TITLE OF THIS ARTICLE, as selected by the editor, was to be "Was Revolution a Success?" and it was to be "a revaluation of revolution as a way of social salvation." I am quoting these phrases —which I hold to be misleading—because they appear to me to bring out into the open a method of thought, or at least of expression, which is very common in English-speaking "advanced" or "progressive" circles (advanced in relation to what? Progressing where?). It is a method which seems to me destructive of any clear and useful thinking.

"Was revolution a success?" Why, of course it was; and of course it wasn't. It was a great success for Hitler and not for Ebert, for Lenin and not for Kornilov. Is it "a way of social salvation"? Well, I am afraid I am unable to attach any clear meaning to clerical phrases like "way of salvation," but I imagine the German revolution was a good thing for those who got into the Nazi Party in time, and (because they didn't win) the Italian labor uprisings of 1920-21 very bad for those who supported them.

The use of abstract nouns, such as "salvation" or even "revolution" itself, as if they were exact terms on which a logical argument could be based, is the central error of which I spoke. It is relatively rarer in other languages; and the quickest way to get rid of it is to try to translate any document of which one is suspicious (*e. g.*, an election speech or a lecture by a college president) into a foreign language. The present professor of Archeology in Edinburgh was exiled some twenty-five years ago to Australia, and he wrote to me that he had spent some of his spare time in that desolation endeavoring to translate the program of the Australian Labor Party into Latin. It could not be done—too many clauses had no definite meaning. But he found that the Preamble of the IWW went straight into Attic Greek: each phrase contained a fact or a statement as definite and hard as a half-brick, and often with certain other resemblances as well.

To shake and squeeze this question, so natural to an American or an Englishman, until it begins to have some exact meaning, it is necessary to ask additional questions, such as "Salvation of whom?" "Revolution in what direction?" and, more particularly, "Revolution directed by what persons and manned by what class?"

Answering these questions, I have to assume a general acquiescence in Marxism. Even here I have to put a footnote. It is as preposterous for a revolutionary to call himself a Marxist as it is for a scientist to call himself a Darwinian. It is inaccurate, and is only excusable if he is writing for a very backward audience—one which may be under some illiterate or Roman Catholic influence; certainly one to which it would be too laborious to explain that Darwin was an important landmark in science, now passed by. So I have to add that when I say "Marxism" I do not mean the superseded portions of Marxism, such as the labor theory of value, which, even if true still, is not practically useful, nor dialectical materialism, which never was true, nor the inevitable victory of the workers, which is mere wishful thinking. I mean the general interpretation of history which explains revolutions in terms of class, and shows the proletariat as the revolutionary class today.

I am to examine the question whether the method of revolution has been used successfully in the past by this class, and whether it is likely to be used so again. I cannot "add up" the benefits of past revolutions, evaluate their cost in terms of human unhappiness and decide whether we should choose revolution as a way of salvation. Revolution is not a recipe in a cookbook, which we can try out, or reject as too expensive. "We" will not be asked if we want it: we don't have a choice. Does a microbe choose whether or not it will be boiled for twenty minutes and die?

*The Technique of Revolution.*—In the nineteenth century the technique of revolution, and the art of resisting it, were almost a skilled trade. (For the purposes of this paragraph the nineteenth century begins in 1789 and ends in 1849.) It even had its manuals: the Chartists used a handbook on fighting with pikes, and Major Beniowski, like many other Poles, was almost a professional instructor. Its first great successes were in the period from 1789 to 1794, which set the fashion for a century; but this was due, as was not

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wholly realized, in part to the slowness of methods of communication, and the consequent difficulty of concentrating troops. For example, the first revolutionary act of the French Assembly in 1789 was the Tennis Court Oath. But months passed before Louis was able to try to avenge it. He had to allow de Broglie to collect his army, and that took several weeks. In the meantime, the Assembly could debate indefinitely its past and future actions; it could retract errors; and such unofficial attacks as the riot led by Camille Desmoulins could be permitted. Imagine, let us say, the Reichstag in 1933 attempting a "Tennis Court Oath" against Hitler. How long could it have remained in existence? Three hours, maybe.

Yet from this period there survived until 1927 a habit which was continually used by the Communist Parties. If you have steeped yourself, as I did, in the revolutionary papers of 1919 to 1926, you will see that the Comintern continually practised the method of the "inquest" which the Assembly, and its most effective supporters, the Paris sections, first used. The Communist Parties set off some putsch, failed, and then retired to consider their errors, as if they had a limitless number of chances before them. They never realized that when Bela Kun was put down, or when Mussolini took power, that was that: they, or at least their subcommittees in Moscow, continued to chatter about "improved slogans within the labor unions," "setting up organs to penetrate the backward parts of the proletariat" and other remedies, which assumed that they could have another chance, and another and another.

The immediate retort to the revolutionary tactic of the French Assembly was thought out by Napoleon—or, more exactly, by Fouché. It was to organize a great bureaucratic police whose duty it was to watch all those corners in which opposition might form itself, and in which anything like the Paris "sections" might reappear. But this was not, in the last resort, effective. France was predominantly a peasant and petit-bourgeois country. There were too many persons to watch, and the army of "flics" would have been too burdensome if it had been effective. As it was, it became an isolated force, alien from the rest of the community, frightened, therefore violent, therefore more frightened and liable to run away in a crisis. This has left its mark on the character of the police of most Continental countries.

In England Castlereagh and his successors did not even organize a proper police. For that reason the Regency oligarchy slid slowly and squealing to its ruin; in 1832 it did not even fight. But this made little difference; for twice, in 1830 and in 1848, the efficient French prefects and their gendarmes were routed. The fight that the French machine of repression put up in those years was pretty poor.

Between 1815 and 1849 the technique of revolution was worked out to a formula. Its chief exponent was L. A. Blanqui. Its chief working rules were: To organize an élite of highly trained military men of courage but not necessarily of political sense. (The leader, or leaders—not more than five—provided the latter.) To have a second rank of men imperfectly trusted, whose duty it was to make a political din and create the sort of atmosphere in which a *coup d'état* was possible. To choose a day of political crisis for attack by the first group; to direct the attack on certain named strong points; to seize arsenals and gun shops; to distribute arms to the workers and to disarm the bourgeoisie and the autocrats. Once in power, care should be taken to remove the old chiefs from the army and police. (Blanqui was relatively uninterested in the social services.)

Neglect of one or other of these maxims was responsible for the defeats of 1839 in Wales and 1848 in England, the several fiascos of Blanqui and Barbès under Louis Philippe, and some abortive revolts under Napoleon III. It was also responsible for the limited success of the French revolutions of 1830 and 1848. The most significant, to Karl Marx, of the instructions was that one concerning the need for expelling reactionaries from the command of all repressive forces. But while his emphasis differed from that of Blanqui, he showed no more appreciation than the great Frenchman of the fact that conditions in which revolution was possible were rapidly changing. Hardly anything that he wrote has any practical value today on this subject. He was hardened in his error by the fact that the two subsequent revolutions which he watched—September, 1870 (overthrow of Napoleon III), and March, 1871 (Commune)—were at first sight partially successful Blanquist revolutions of the classic type, the first not pressed home and the second disorganized by the absence of Blanqui. (The history of the Paris Commune would have been something quite different if that alarming old man had not been in a Versailles prison.)

Here Marx saw all the expected symptoms: the second-line agitators making a political din, the secret army marching to its appointed stations, the old army and police chiefs being chased out. Most serious discussion of revolution has ever since proceeded upon the assumption that this old-style model will still run. The best example of recent years is the essay by the Fascist "Malaparte," called "The Technique of the Coup d'État," which brings this plan up to date by pointing out that the "strong points" which the revolutionaries should attack are no longer government offices, palaces and the Hotel de Ville; they are, as Trotsky showed in 1917, telephone exchanges, power-and-light stations, railway stations, wireless stations and waterworks. But Signor "Malaparte" does not see one new condition which has obtained since 1849, which is this:

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*No modern revolution has succeeded or come near to success except after a military defeat.*

There are no exceptions. September 4, 1870, followed on Sedan. The Paris Commune followed on the surrender to the Prussians. The Russian revolution of 1905-06 was a consequence of the Japanese victory. March, 1917, in Russia was the result of German victories. November, 1918, in Berlin was a result of the Allied victory.

(This, of course, is true only of the type of revolution which we are considering. Neither Hitler, Mussolini nor Pilsudski required a military defeat to carry through *their* revolutions.)

Sometimes, by taking advantage of national feeling, it has been possible to carry on a sort of guerilla warfare against a governing class which is either exhausted by recent war or gravely preoccupied by current war. This occurred in Ireland, and if the Marquis of Zetland continues his present policy, may occur some day in India. No Socialist revolution comes this way—only a belated nationalist one, fifty years out of date, and a sickly, old man's child like Eire is the result.

With this small, and only apparent exception, it remains true that no successful revolution is possible except after military defeat. The reasons for this I outlined six years ago in my book, "How to Make a Revolution"; here I have only space to note the fact.

This, of course, does not mean that a Socialist working class cannot use force at all. Certain uses of force have been very successful during the twenty years 1919-39. But they have always been instances of force used in defense rather than attack. At the time of the Kapp putsch in Germany the workers used an ingenious combination of the general strike and local violence. This not only put the Junkers out of business, but most observers reported that if there had been a different mentality among the German working-class leaders there might have followed a considerable advance toward socialism. In defense of an established position, that is to say, methods of violence may very well be successful. There are two reasons for this which are obvious—the first that the governmental machine can't be used against you, the second that large portions of the middle class and professional classes will be on your side.

*Reasonable Deductions.*—The above is an exceedingly abbreviated account of what I believe to be the present position concerning Socialist or proletarian revolution. It has tried to summarize nearly twenty-five years of study, mostly of this subject. It is dogmatic; it contains a number of unproved assertions; it is probably crabbed and difficult to read. But it is as short as I can make it; and at that I have covered more than half the space allowed me. And only now do I come to the question: What in practical fact does all this mean?

As I see it, it means two different things, according to whether the state in which you live is at peace or war. Take peace first: I think it is now proved that in peacetime revolution, in the ordinary, popular sense of the word, is *out*. There is a possible limited use of violence. The British General Strike could well have done with some more "Workers' Defense Corps" than it had. The French syndicalists have for thirty-five years made it clear that any employer who is unusually ill behaved will pay for it with his belongings or his person; and this reputation for truculence on the whole has paid them. But estimate as highly as you can the value of such sporadic and parsimoniously used violence, it still doesn't come anywhere within the region of revolution.

It is not conceivable, in the United States, in peacetime Britain or France, or in Scandinavia, that Socialist or working-class forces should ever, in the worst economic or political crisis you can imagine, have the least chance of defeating the police, the army and the air force. You cannot conceive of the workers, organized or unorganized, uniting in any useful numbers to that end, you cannot conceive of their arming themselves if they did, you cannot conceive of their winning if they got arms. There was a highly colored and sometimes noble page in history; it has all been written now; there is nothing more to say.

> Death and the splendor of the scarlet cap,
> Boston and Valmy, Yorktown and Jemappes,
> Freedom in arms, the riding and the routing

—yes; it was glorious, but it has ended.

That does not mean that there is no hope in time of peace. It only means that other means must be used. The future of socialism becomes Scandinavian. You progress more slowly than in the leap of 1917 (but also you are less liable to slip back into Stalinism). Norway, Sweden, Denmark, New Zealand, and to some extent Australia, are or were pleasant places to live in; they have been the homes of liberty, equality and a certain amount of fraternity; and they have been walking (at the easiest possible amble, it is true) rather toward socialism than away from it. Of course, it must be remembered that in Scandinavia these advances have been won at the cost of spending no money on defense, so that these countries could offer no resistance to Nazi invasion; in the South Seas John Bull has paid nearly all the armaments bill. If a proper bill for defense were charged against the cost of this semi-socialism, would it eat up all the social services? I do not know, but I hope someone else will answer the question. It should be a simple financial calculation.

This leaves the question of countries at war. And it seems to me pointless to discuss "countries at war" in general; we must discuss countries in *this* war.

Revolutions are possible, and even probable, in defeated countries. So much we know from 1918, if we

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did not know it before. But even in 1918 it became rapidly clear that the revolution would be circumscribed and at need ended by the fiat of the victorious powers. Bela Kun was put out, not by the Hungarian reaction, but by Rumanian troops acting by permission of Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George. One of the reasons for the feebleness of the German revolution was the belief of the Social Democrats that the Allies would not allow any "extremism." Bauer, speaking to the Vienna workers, said "we can have a Bolshevist revolution tomorrow, but will there be any food trains afterwards?"

What was probable, and half-concealed, in 1918 will be certain and open in nineteen-forty-something. If there is an Allied defeat, the revolution that follows will be conditioned and even directed by the orders of the Nazis.[1] This will become clear very swiftly, for the speed of political change has hastened. Mussolini took three years to fascize (if that is a word) Italy; Hitler put through his essential decrees in three months. In the same way the period of apparent liberty which was allowed to Germany in 1918 will be sharply abbreviated for the Allies. There will, I surmise, be "a revolution," and for a short while a mixed government will take office. I imagine it to consist in Britain of ILP-ers, a few Communists, Peace Pledge Union members, and some queer freaks like the Marquis of Tavistock. It will hold office long enough to sign the Peace Treaty—its life may even turn out to be only a matter of days. Immediately after the signature it will be replaced by an English version of the Nazi government. Mosley? I don't know; the English Henlein is not yet named. You will perhaps pardon me if I do not care to examine the details of this prospect any further. The only possibility of limiting or restraining Nazi action would come from American intervention; but the experiences of Spain and Finland show that it is mere wishful thinking to talk of such a thing.

In the case of an Allied victory then? Here it is exceedingly difficult to anticipate what are the chances of revolution, and what would happen to a revolution that broke out in Germany. Such a revolution is not impossible. There must be innumerable families in Germany who have reason to hate the local Nazi bullies; if the Allies would transfer their attacks from the semi-god Hitler to the Nazi *Party,* and if they could find means to persuade the Germans that the "Wilson trick" would not be played on them again, then it is perfectly possible that a revolution might occur in Germany. What would happen then would depend upon the military and diplomatic situation at the moment. It is unlikely that there would be another Versailles, with four middle-aged and second-rate politicians allotting the world absolutely at their will. Circumstances are different. There are a great many neutrals, who might have some influence. There is at present a strong feeling in Britain that the Versailles Treaty was a crime and a folly; this might continue to exist and impede a Carthaginian peace. The eastern frontier of Germany, instead of being a chaos, would presumably be lined with Stalin's troops—though whether that would be an advantage or not depends upon your view of Stalin's policy. In any case, the fate of a German revolution would depend more upon outside circumstances than upon the German revolutionaries.

*Another Way?*—That is, I am afraid, all that can usefully and truthfully be said of "revolution as a way of social salvation." But since this survey is altogether too gloomy to stop at this point, I would like to speak away from my brief long enough to point out that for those belligerent countries where there remain free speech and power of organization, there is an alternative solution.

It is blurredly outlined by the course of the Spanish revolution. Do you recollect what happened there, and what, if the democracies had not deserted Spain, would have won the war against fascism? It was the progressive reconstitution of the government more and more to the Left as the war proceeded, and because of the exigencies of the war. This was due to two main causes: the first being that immediately war breaks out the worker becomes a person of first political importance. He is no longer a superfluous "hand," in daily danger of the sack; he is the person by whose leave and through whose activities the war goes on. His reactions and opinions become of immense importance. Offended, he can by mere sullenness pull down the whole temple of society like Samson. As the war progresses he realizes his power. The second is that politicians of the Giral-Chamberlain-Daladier type are unable to wage war effectively and for merely practical reasons are, one by one, excluded from office. They owe their power to an ability to balance between rival capitalist groups, and to keep the machine moving in a way which will obtain enough profits for enough interests within the governing class. They are not able to organize the strength of a nation on what has to be basically a socialist system, because they have never been so trained and do not understand what these words mean.

Hence, in Spain, the government was repeatedly reconstructed to gain greater war efficiency, and a greater and a more loyal participation of the workers in the anti-Fascist struggle. Whether this analogy can be applied to the present war, and if so, how, is a matter I am not able to discuss here. RAYMOND POSTGATE

*This is one of several articles revaluing Socialist theories in the light of the present war.*—THE EDITORS

[1] These prophetic words were written before France surrendered. —THE EDITORS

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# Germany on the Radio

OF ALL THE MANY DUBIOUS MIRACLES of modern technique, perhaps the strangest is the use one may make of a radio set in wartime. One's feet are in London, but one's ears are in Berlin. Lord Haw-Haw, of late, has become merely an offensive bore, but the ordinary German broadcasts designed for loyal listeners at home never lose their interest for me. There are limits to the amount of them one can endure, for even a little batters one's nervous system into a condition approaching shell-shock. Technically, in a popular way, the thing is well done. In the daily *Front-Bericht* we are actually transported to the front lines of the advancing armies. One listens to a junior officer reporting to his senior on his success in destroying French mines in the forests of the Argonne. Again, one is in an airport and the pilots of a bombing squadron discuss their orders before they set out on a raid. It is often done with a good deal of humor and some sense for drama. Men talk in the slang of the camp with their broad provincial accents, and there is more than enough realism to assist one's imagination. One day we were deafened by a record of the guns that bombarded Lille, and a month ago we heard everything that went on in a battery that shelled the retreating French army from a position in Verdun.

The chief impression that these broadcasts have left on me is that the German mind is now obsessed by the one idea of irresistible mechanical force. Every device of articulate and inarticulate sound is used to suggest it. Sometimes throughout an entire broadcast one hears, muffled behind the announcer's voice, the ceaseless tramp of the German legions, untiring, merciless, inexorable. It is varied only by the rattle and creaking of the "mechanized Attila's" tanks, and the roar of his diving planes. One recent talk stands out in my horrified memory. It was an account by two journalists of their passage through Rotterdam after the total destruction of the central quarters of the city. It had collapsed, they told us, like a house of cards. Every landmark was obliterated, and amid the sickly stench of charred flesh, they lost their way. Then they met a Dutch workman who directed them. Anxious to conciliate the Lords of the Earth, he offered them a cigarette and admitted that the destruction was a military necessity. The vocabulary of the German language is rich in words that convey a sense of ruin, desolation and irresistible force. I cannot reproduce this picture adequately: the horror of it lay in the pride of these observers, as they surveyed the annihilating work of their bombers. Then followed, as a companion picture, a vivid account of the abject surrender of Antwerp. It knew what had happened to Rotterdam and was too wise to court a like fate. Some Belgian prisoners were then brought in to execrate in broken German the politicians who first misled their country and then abandoned it. The next item on this wave length was Schubert's exquisite Fifth Symphony. After these Nazi brutalities it brought to life again the sweetness and light that were Vienna. Millions of listening Germans enjoyed them both.

Almost daily we are treated to some masterpiece of description that teaches the listener to visualize German power. A recent vignette haunts me. The narrator began by laughing at the BBC, which had described the German troops crossing rivers over the heaped bodies of their own dead. The truth, he said, was the other way round. Then came a lurid picture of the pursuit to the Loire of French armies in full dissolution. In a chamber within a bridge the French had placed a charge of dynamite. A bomber, diving on this bridge, struck it by chance exactly on this chamber. The bridge blew up, and the hurling of colossal masses of its concrete structure over the distant landscape was described in vivid pictorial language. Hundreds of French troops who were crossing the great bridge, horses, mules, guns and trucks were tossed into the air and fell into the stream. On their bodies, the pursuing Germans might have crossed dry-shod.

More poignant and a little more human was the account of the fall of Verdun, barely defended. A veteran told the story of its defense for six months in 1916 at the cost of 700,000 lives, French and German. Then, still hoarse with the smoke of battle, a young artillery lieutenant told how easily the lads of today had succeeded where their fathers failed. Here I turned off my radio, for I found his tale unendurable. Its climax was the posting of his battery round the monument on Dead Man's Hill, erected jointly by French and German survivors of the war to end war.

There have been fewer paeans to triumphant mechanical force in the last few days. The theme is now *vae victis!* By recounting the brutalities of the Versailles Peace, notably the forced delivery by a half-starved Germany of thousands of milk cows and the prolongation of the blockade for seven months after the Armistice, these official broadcasts prepare the German public for the pleasures of revenge. Have I nothing good to report? Yes; sandwiched between the raucous brutalities, I heard one day a moving account of the heroism of the French rearguard near Lille. Four thousand men, surrounded on all sides, entrenched themselves in an outer suburb, refused repeated offers of honorable terms and sold their lives dear to save their comrades and the BEF who were retreating to Dunkirk. From time to time, they carried their wounded out and laid them down in No Man's Land, trusting to the humanity of the invaders. "Our chivalry (*Ritterlichkeit*)," said the narrator, "was worthy of these brave men's confidence." That word, then, is still in the German dictionary.

*London* H. N. BRAILSFORD

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# Washington Notes

## Rome, Berlin and Poor Butterfly

WITH THE PROVISO that politics may change overnight, it can be said that the administration is being very tough with Japan, and means to continue being tough. There is to be no rice-paper and cherry-blossom Munich. With its present embargo on the export of war materials, the administration has taken—from the Japanese viewpoint—an aggressively hostile step. Indeed, as a result of our embargo and the English blockade of Europe, Japan can be said to be under a mild form of economic siege.

In the light of this administration attitude, what significance should be attached to the recent protest of Major General Miura at Shanghai against the arrest of his gendarmes by United States Marines? Has the Japanese army also put its back up? Are the two nations moving toward a showdown?

A preliminary puzzle must first be considered. Certain liberal observers here believe that the explanation of General Miura's protest lies in Berlin, not Tokyo. In his protest, they saw evidence of the familiar squeeze play worked so often in Europe before the war by Hitler and Mussolini. They believe that General Miura's secret purpose was to keep the United States fleet in the Pacific, and thereby advantage Hitler in South America.

There is nothing obviously improbable about this thesis. About a month ago, the administration received warning that the Nazis were on the verge of taking power, indirectly, in Uruguay. The United States cruiser Wichita was dispatched under forced draft to Montevideo to give support and comfort to anti-Nazi Uruguayan elements. Apparently the administration's effort was unsuccessful. The Uruguayan government's investigation of the Nazi fifth column appears to have been a fiasco; the Nazis are as solidly entrenched as ever.

While events at Montevideo were balanced on a knife-edge, Admiral Richardson, commander of the United States fleet, flew secretly from Hawaii to Washington, and a report spread that part of the fleet would be brought through the Panama Canal into the Atlantic. Such a move might have impressed Uruguay—and all Latin America—enormously. No doubt it would also have had weight with the approaching Pan-American conference at Havana. This was the exact moment chosen by General Miura in distant Shanghai to announce that Japanese flesh had suffered the gross touch of American Marine patrols, that Japan had been humiliated.

This explanation in terms of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo triangle is clearly ingenious, but the administration's advisers do not credit it. Their disbelief in the stability of the triangle is an important factor in their general toughness towards Japan. A fatal obstacle to genuine collaboration among the three great totalitarian states, in their opinion, is their quasi-partner, the USSR.

According to the administration's confidential reports, Hitler has beseeched the USSR's foreign commissar, Molotov, to agree to an understanding with Tokyo, and vice versa. These diplomatic urgings have been fruitless. The Russians, because of their ability to send military supplies to Chiang Kai-shek, potentially threaten Japan; the Japanese, because of their position in Mongolia, potentially threaten Soviet Siberia. As long as an understanding, even of the present ambiguous character, exists between Berlin and Moscow, the Japanese will never be German allies.

Or, at least, so say the administration's advisers. They have a simple explanation of General Miura's expostulations at Shanghai. They point out that the Tokyo government and England are in the midst of critical negotiations over the Burma Road—another route by which Chiang Kai-shek can receive supplies. As a maneuver in these negotiations, the Japanese army in China virtually blockaded Hong Kong. The Japanese suspect that the British ambassador, Craigie, is receiving strenuous encouragement from his American colleague, Mr. Joseph C. Grew—a suspicion whose accuracy the administration does not bother to deny. General Miura's outburst was an additional maneuver in the Burma Road negotiations. It was meant to weaken Mr. Grew's support, to frighten him into silence.

On the surface facts, the administration's Far Eastern policy appears three-parts crazy. It encourages a regiment of United States Marines, isolated halfway across the world, to defy the Japanese army. Two days after General Miura spoke, it installed Mr. Stimson as Secretary of War—a man who has preached a holy crusade against Japan ever since the Manchurian invasion in 1931. And a day later, General Arnold announced the establishment of a great chain of air bases in Alaska, within comfortable bombing range of the northernmost Japanese islands.

These are steps that ought to lead to a sharp diplomatic crisis, if not bloody war. But the administration advisers seem cheerily confident that Japan won't fight. The tougher we are, the better American-Japanese relations will be. If the English fleet surrenders to Germany, and if Singapore falls, the administration experts agree that a new situation will arise. But, meantime, let us swap insult for insult, threat for threat. If the administration's diagnosis of Japanese character and purpose turns out to be accurate, its Far Eastern policy will be a brilliant success. If not, we are probably headed for trouble.

Colonel Johnson, Assistant Secretary of War, has announced that a system of priorities for armament contracts will soon be instituted. As has been emphasized in these Notes, the power to impose priorities is essential if the armament program is to succeed. But Colonel Johnson's statement seems to suggest that the priority system now being considered will be weak, partial and ineffective. Its purpose will be to protect the manufacturer, not to benefit the government. Once a corporation has accepted an armament contract, the government will place that contract under the rule of priority; by this means, the corporation will be protected against damage suits from other private customers.

This is an exceedingly pale version of the priorities of 1917-18. In effect, the government then assumed the power to keep raw materials away from any manufacturer who refused to coöperate in munitions production. Corporations had to do what the government told them to do, or see their plants stand idle. The government needs similar

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power now. Many observers think that Henry Ford's bland refusal to manufacture liquid-cooled, Rolls-Royce engines directly menaces the whole aviation program. No other automobile manufacturer, they say, is going to risk tying up his existing machine-tool facilities as long as Mr. Ford is free. Yet if the existing machine-tool production of the automobile industry cannot be utilized for the aviation program, it will be almost indefinitely delayed.

*Washington* T. R. B.

# Other People's Money

## Nice Settlements If You Can Get Them

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS for a generous government? The General Claims Commission has fixed certain sums as being just claims by various American citizens against Mexico. Mind you, the Commission has held that these sums are due to certain aggrieved Americans, not by the American government, but by the Mexican government, for losses inflicted on Americans by Mexicans. Now the House of Representatives has passed a bill authorizing the payment of these claims in cash to these aggrieved Americans out of the American Treasury. Having paid off these favored suitors the Treasury will then attempt to collect the money from Mexico. Here is a court to make the heart of a plaintiff glow with love—he sues before the court for damages, the court awards him the damages and then proceeds to pay the judgment itself, taking its own chance of later collecting from the defendant.

These are the bald outlines of this little steal engineered so easily by a Congress which has gotten so into the habit of throwing money around that it has lost all sense of proportion.

There are about 1,000 claims of this sort by Americans against Mexico. But only 124 of them are involved in this bill. What is to be done about the other 875 or more claims? Why are these 124 thus favored? One of the claimants, it happens, is the Illinois Central Railroad. That may have something to do with it. But if the government should do this for 124 claims, why should it not do the same for all the claims? And if it does it may be well to remember that the amount involved is about three or four hundred million dollars.

The Illinois Central Railroad sold ninety-five locomotives to the Mexican government. It did not sell them to the American government. And it sold them at a profit. It is to be assumed it took into account all the perils surrounding the transaction and that the price was fixed with those hazards included in it. Now the Mexican government refuses to pay it. So the Illinois Central submits its claim to a mixed-claims commission, is awarded the price of the locomotives and the federal Treasury is asked to pay for these locomotives, or at least to hand over to the Illinois Central the price of them and then try to collect the bill from the Mexican government. This is asking the American government to pay the bad debts of American corporations in Mexico—or anywhere else for that matter. If it is a good policy in Mexico it is a good policy anywhere. If it is not a policy, then it is an exception made in the interest of persons who have a lobby strong enough to carry through this raid upon the Treasury.

The amount involved in this little raid is $3,000,000, of which the Illinois Central will get around $2,000,000 for a lot of second-hand locomotives sold to Mexico thirty years ago.

This is just a note to keep straight, if possible, the course of expenditures for war. A few weeks ago I reported here that the total was $12,000,000,000. That included some $5,000,000,000 already voted plus $4,000,000,000 approved by a House Committee and $3,000,000,000 asked for the army. Since then these $4,000,000,000 and $3,000,000,000 items have been combined into a single new request by the President for $4,484,000,000. I assume this supersedes the Vinson-Stark proposal for four billions and the army proposal for one billion. This makes a total of roughly ten billions. Whether it is the end or not, of course, we do not know. And it is not possible to say precisely yet how much of this is to be actually spent this year and how much later. But both the army and the navy have other requests up their sleeves—since we know this amount is two billion dollars less than the demands they have already made.

I again suggest that it would be unpatriotic to inquire where the money is to come from. It is all a part of what The New Republic calls using "all our power" to repel fascism. Our power, I take it, means power expressed in steel. Nevertheless, I can't help suggesting that we cannot make these immense appropriations, we cannot create this great new industry, we cannot pour this nation into the military mold without doing something to it. And it would be a tragic shock to many if, after the people who want to fight Hitler got through doing things to this nation, it began to look a little like fascism. Would it not be a singular result if we concentrated our attention on fighting a fascist and lost track altogether of fighting fascism? Would it not be a little humiliating to us if we ringed our coasts with steel, loaded the ocean with war tonnage, filled the nation with military camps and the camps with our youth and then found that fascism had sneaked through all this armament and set itself up in our midst?

The three ingredients of fascism—the corporative state, militarism and dictatorship—have all had a work-out in our midst. The NRA was a giant step in the direction of the corporative state. We now plan a giant step into militarism. We have had some few experiments in unrestrained government—the attempt to subordinate the Court to the Executive, the abdication by Congress of its actual control over the purse, the breakdown of one of the greatest restraints on power—the third-term tradition. Despite all the obstacles to fascism in the United States, we move in that direction along with all the countries in the world. And we move the faster because the liberals and the conservative business men find they can collaborate with surprising ease on fascist techniques at the beginning. It is not the tories, but the Mussolinis, the Hitlers, the Lavals, the Marquets—chiefly impatient syndicalists—who find they can work so well with the guildsmen of the capitalist order.

JOHN T. FLYNN

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# Hits, Errors, Second-Runs

"THE GHOST BREAKERS" is the kind of silly comedy that a lot of people are going to hear about and see and laugh at. It is humor completely on the gag side and neither its plot nor its people mean a thing. Paulette Goddard has been willed a haunted castle in Cuba. Bob Hope is a radio gossip columnist who gets mixed up in a killing in Miss Goddard's hotel. Disguised as part of her baggage, he accompanies her to the castle; the last part is spook melodrama, with sliding panels, sinister gentlemen, cobwebs, an organ and a zombie—all of which are finally overcome. I had hoped that once in the comedy mood, they would burlesque the familiar hokum. They didn't. The film is worked over from an old play obviously for the talents of Bob Hope, a very breezy young man with a laugh line. Miss Goddard and almost everybody else are given pretty thankless straight parts; Willie Best runs second to Hope as his colored detainer (stet "d"). See it, but hold out for air cooling.

In the recent picture "Edison the Man," the MGM staff has got around the problems of dramatizing the essentially untheatrical, choosing or imagining incidents and winnowing through the whole vast pile of fable and achievement to make a continuous and credible story. They made the laboratory work come alive with interest, and from actual machinists to bankers and aldermen, they were able to point up at least some of the forces involved.

As a picture, it is forced to be rather slow-moving and talky—though surely the phonograph incident, the long struggle with the incandescent lamp, the dynamos gone wild at the climax, are sequences of excitement. Also it is a little simple, especially in the direction of humor and human interest; and at times—the telegraphed proposal, the accident of Little Lord Tinkertoy—clumsy or mawkish. They were lucky to have such people as Spencer Tracy, Rita Johnson, Lynne Overman, Charles Coburn, etc., to take the flatness out of it. And Tracy, who was in the middle right through, was especially successful with those difficult bits as the old man. They got the fable down just about as it was told to us. That is, everything purely good and the term "great inventor" construed quite simply as a man who thinks things up out of the air and all by himself.

*Notes from a Ten O'Clock Scholar.* – There are always pictures people still mean to see, still in the second and third-run circuits. Sometimes it is merely because people have not been warned. I should have warned you against "Buck Benny Rides Again"—which is nothing as a picture and almost a libel on Jack Benny's gag-men. The various faint laughter occasioned by this story of a radio comedian who fell in love for no reason that is given in the picture, and went West to prove apparently that he was not the type of man the West was big enough to have a place for, died long before the story. . . . It is too late to review "The Earl of Chicago," but the film may still be seen by the curious. Directed by Richard Thorpe and using both Robert Montgomery and an English setting, it caused speculation on whether it would contain overtones of "Night Must Fall." There aren't very many. Montgomery is sinister and charming; murder and betrayal are dealt with; and at least a third of the film is a very good example of how to get the most out of a given situation. But the story of a gangster who comes gradually to reverence the venerable glories of English butlers and the English House of Lords is much too much to take. In order to give it the bare likelihood necessary for some conclusion, they have had to make their hard guy at once too smart and too dumb to live. Furthermore, Robert Montgomery is not a hard guy whether he laughs through his nose or not. . . . "Torrid Zone" is another that looks like fun, from the outside: action and banana plantations; James Cagney, Pat O'Brien. There is tropical background and there is action. But there is more noise, for Ann Sheridan (shopworn heroine) has a voice like wagon wheels and no remorse, and the dialogue idea is, if it's louder it's funnier. Mainly, this version of Quirt and Flagg belting natives and getting out the fruit sees no reason to believe for a minute in any one of the diverse plot turns it has borrowed. Neither will you.

*You-Could-Do-Worse Department.* – The Fifth Avenue Playhouse in New York has been running a program of all the Alfred Hitchcock films—that is, the films starting with "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and going up to the time our blessed fat man fell into "Rebecca." The list as I remember is: "The 39 Steps," "Secret Agent," "The Lady Vanishes" (these are my three best); "A Woman Alone," "The Girl Was Young" and "Jamaica Inn." Perhaps other theatre managers in towns of any size could be convinced that such a program for a week or two might not be a bad thing in the summer doldrums. It wouldn't hurt to try. The prints are available and I've found that even in New York, where the revivals have been countless, there is always someone who always meant to see this or that one; and (here's the test) always someone else who saw it but is willing to go along again.

*Note of No Progress.* – Although D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" is practically a celluloid shrine in American art, the social hopers, busy as ever with line and page of text, have found its ideology to be not ideal and gone to work on it accordingly. Protests. Picket lines. Grave noddings of the head like a roostful of penguins. It doesn't really matter that outside of some magnificent large-action scenes, "The Birth of a Nation" is more like an early primitive than a classic. Theatre managers have got into enough trouble so that it has been worth their while to have the old classic cut almost in half and reissued as a sort of March of Time on the Civil War. It does not even matter that no one could conceivably look at the remote puppet-jerkings of this early screen and be influenced in his present thought or action; or that occasional side-of-the-road touches of humor or pathos retain their original illusion while the big heroics and villainies are now good only for students and for laughs. Half of the artistic contribution of this film at least has been cut out in answer to moral pressure. Few intelligent people today certainly would advocate that the Negro should be vilified; but you can imagine how many voices would get hoarse today if it were found that da Vinci had been hung by the neck to a rope made from his canvases, for having shot a spitball at a saint.

OTIS FERGUSON

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# The Bandwagon

Eating Forbidden Food Caused All Wars. Forbidden Food ruined Adam, Eve and the World. Read "Reincarnation and New Peace Plan"—most revealing 100 page Book of Century —written by a True Prophet—Doctor. Only 10 cents plus 2 cents postage.

Note: See Bible—Deuteronomy 14 (food law) and Isaiah, Chapter 66, Verse 17. Remember 1066-1914-1917. Beware 1917 War a 2nd time. Food law like 10 Commandments applies to all. – *Advertisement in The New York Post.*

NEW HAND GRENADE, PATENTED; seek backer for manufacturing; excellent opportunity. S 424 Times. – *Classified ad in The New York Times.*

## Mr. Roach: Take a Powder

Too often genius dies young. Too infrequently it is recognized by contemporaries. Shelley, delicate-tinted poet "whose name is writ in water," had his Trelawney, his Byron, his England. Thorne Smith, stronger-hued poet with a barbed pen, inimitable master of satirical prose, has his Hal Roach, and the world for an audience. – *Movie review of the film "Turnabout" in Picture Reports.*

## Crush and Make Up

Soviet troops, including aviation and motorized forces, occupied Bessarabia and northern Bukovina today, thus effecting a peaceful settlement of the long standing source of conflict between the Soviet and Rumanian governments. – *From a six-column banner subhead in The Daily Worker.*

The Soviet Russian legation issued a statement this morning declaring that "Stalin is immensely pleased with Rumania for her loyal coöperation." – *AP dispatch in The Durham, N. C. Sun.*

## Yes, Yes, Go On

There is, therefore, a strong impression that the drive [here the censor cut the telephone connection and the rest of the paragraph had to be deleted].

One hears very [rest of paragraph deleted].

Other competent observers think that the direct attack will be [rest of paragraph deleted].

It is realized [deletions] will take a heavy toll, particularly the first day or two, but there also it is hoped to get enough troops by to make it worth while. At the same time would come [long deletion]. One hears talk also of the occupation of Ireland [long deletion]. The Channel Islands obviously are being given up without a struggle and their occupation by the Germans is expected momentarily.

As for the Italians [rest of paragraph deleted]. – *From a Rome dispatch by Herbert Matthews to The New York Times.*

## Can't-You-Wait-Till-You-Get-Home Department

Attention is asked to the letter that leads today's Voice of the People column. The letter is reprinted from an early edition of next Sunday's News. – *Lead editorial comment in Tuesday's Daily News.*

*Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS

# Correspondence

## Challenge of World Revolution

SIR: Would that Mr. Soule's article "Is This a World Revolution?" [June 24] could be as publicized as Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Lasting solutions must inevitably be simple to meet our capacities, and he has challenged our reason and end aims sincerely, honestly and deeply.

Democracy can be reduced to the equation that, as ethics is to freedom, so laws must be to license. Government is our tacit admission that we are not perfect human beings, and it is no great sin for us to require more government in an increasingly complex world, once the need is sufficiently undeniable. But if we lack the capacity to elect the right kind of governing body, that, indeed, is the most serious sin that can be laid at our democratic door.

*East Lynn, Mass.* G. EUGENE BERRY

## As the Twig Was Bent

SIR: It is time that someone entered the lists to defend the youth of this country. Their disillusionist, skeptical and negativistic attitude has been scored on all sides by writers such as Archibald MacLeish, or by university professors such as our own. In a world torn by bloodshed, slaughter and devastation, may I for a brief time project the discussion of this question onto a philosophical level? After all, an opinion concerning any action in regard to foreign affairs implies a complete philosophy of life, a judgment concerning ethics and values and a philosophy of history itself.

The greatest indictment against youth today is that it is negativistic, in a world in which positive positions are urgently needed. Skeptics, it has been remarked, never endow universities. Youth may readily ask whence came this skepticism.

Youth was brought up and educated in the heyday of the naturalistic philosophies of the twentieth century—trained by many of the same members of the older generation who are now accusing them of defeatism. If one turned to sociology and anthropology, he found a complete contempt, if not indifference, to all absolutist values. Life was pictured as an amoral evolutionary process, with an ethics of adjustment and expediency the only standards offered. Morals were explained as being survivals of formerly serviceable taboos, and therefore explained away. The standards and values of the great religions of the past were dismissed as being wishful thinking.

If one turned to psychology, he found things there worse, if anything. Modern psychology, especially the Behaviorist school, he discovered, was founded on the assumption of a completely deterministic world. Free will was a delusion. Man was a product of heredity or environment, or both. There was very little he could do about it. Nature's dice were always loaded.

If he turned to literature, to the modern novel, he found the same enervating fatalism prevalent. Naturalism accepted the truths of science as ultimate, and life was therefore depicted as an amoral process without values, without meaning, without a

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goal. The best laid plans of mice and men usually ended in disaster. Theodore Dreiser saw the "utterly infinitesimal individual weaving a meaningless course among the mysteries."

Now youth is told that man "does not live by bread alone." Perhaps he is not surprised. Perhaps he always felt that, down in their hearts, these teachers of his were following unconscious and unexpressed beliefs. But youth may rightly demand that his elders to do a little explaining of their own.

Are there, after all, ethical absolutes and moral values? If so, whence are these derived? Is there, then, any validity in the heritage of Christian ideals? Do the religions of the past contain truths that were missed by evolutionary naturalism? Must man assume certain beliefs that cannot be demonstrated or proved as the physicist proves his theories?

Youth wants to be honest. Let his elders be likewise.

*New Haven, Conn.* PAUL BOLLER, '39

## John T. Flynn: Snake or One-Man Band?

SIR: John T. Flynn seems to have two techniques—one for the radio, the other for the written word.

I like his radio technique. It has humor, and not only humor but logic and courage as well.

These admirable qualities are noticeably absent from his writings. They are venomous, arrogant and so one-sided that they irritate and anger his readers. They give one the impression that Mr. Flynn thinks that he—and he alone—knows all the answers. Maybe he does. Then again, maybe he doesn't.

*Baltimore, Md.* J. M. CAMPBELL

SIR: May I point out that the columns of John T. Flynn are great stuff. By far, they are the best contributions in the whole magazine. Isn't it possible for you to send home such eye-wash mongers as George Soule, Bruce Bliven, Jonathan Mitchell, *et al.*, and devote the whole issue to John T. Flynn? Always leaving room, of course, for such exquisite pieces as Edmund Wilson's reply [July 1] to Archibald MacLeish, Chief Librarian and Book Burner, par excellence.

*New York City* HERMAN FENWICK

## Bread and Butter Note

SIR: I have a Yale Ph. D. in English, and have devoted much of my life to a perusal of the classics of English poetry; but "Injunction," by Josephine Miles, which you printed June 10, is the best poem I've ever read. I not only carry it in my pocket wherever I go, but I mutter it to myself almost constantly.

Thanks.

*New Haven, Conn.* CHARLES H. BENNETT

## Fascists and Catholics

SIR: Your criticism of French Tories (July 1) contains the implication that Catholicism equals fascism.

This is a non sequitur—what makes men Fascists is their economic position or their fear of losing it, and their political ambitions. The idea that Mussolini became a Fascist because of his Catholic belief is grotesque. Further, your criticism overlooks the anti-Nazi stand of Pope Pius, the appointment of Italian Jews to various Vatican positions by Pope Pius XII as a protest against Mussolini's anti-Semitism, and the closing of the Osservatore Romano by the Fascists because of its obvious pro-Ally stand.

Not only is the idea that Catholicism means fascism untrue; it is a strategic blunder for liberals to make any such accusation, as the one practical result will be to convince many Catholics that fascism is really pro-Catholic. This would gravely hamper the work of such anti-Fascist Catholics as Bishop Sheil, Bishop Lucey, Monsignor Ryan and the editors of The Commonweal.

By all means attack Fascists, but do not be so naïve as to assail their professed religion.

*Brooklyn, N. Y.* THEODORE SERRI

[We said that the reason for the surrender of the French government would be sought in the fact that its members are, "almost without exception, conservative in politics and Catholic in religion." We compared their role with that of Schuschnigg in Austria. "They are not precisely pro-Hitler; their ideal is probably a kind of Catholic corporative state," we further remarked. There are of course millions of anti-Fascist Catholics. But it cannot be denied that there is a strong Fascist element within the Catholic Church, which supported fascism of the Catholic variety both in Austria and in Spain. Historically, the Church has been the enemy of liberalism in general and of the democratic French Republic in particular. It is therefore no surprise that in France the leaders of the surrender to fascism should be Catholics. One would hardly expect them to be followers of Rousseau or Voltaire.—THE EDITORS]

## *From The New Republic Mail Bag*

A. E. Duncan-Jones writes us from Birmingham, England, to give us some idea of what the overthrow of the Chamberlain government meant to English liberals. Commenting on our editorial of May 27, and "forbearing to comment on your own war policy," he expresses surprise that we should have used the phrase "the Allied statesmen who lost the peace and are likely to lose the war." Mr. Duncan-Jones says: "Since the formation of the Churchill ministry, many of us have felt that we breathed a different air." . . . Isaac Martin Sackin, a Los Angeles attorney, wants to know whether the voice of Colonel Lindbergh, as heard over the radio, is "the voice of the fifth column in America." He suggests that the sayings of anyone who has accepted Nazi medals from the hands of Hitler should be given the double once-over.

Henry J. Belden of Westport, Connecticut, wishes to point out that Henry Ford, too, has accepted a Nazi decoration. He says that if supplying Great Britain with planes may be considered a secondary action in national defense for this country, and if such an important industrialist as Mr. Ford refuses to supply such planes, he should be investigated for treason, or his plant taken over, or both. . . . Baldassare Armato, of Brooklyn, in approximately 600 words of single-spaced elite type, reminds us that the "plethora of words is symptomatic of democracy's greatest weakness." . . . Hans Neisser, of Philadelphia, writes: "The arguments by which you refute Mr. Schuman's bluff-theory seem to me quite convincing—and not a word is to be lost about his gratuitous advice to Russia to attack, with an army of one million sufficiently equipped men, the German army of at least two and a half million." But he suggests that the American fleet might pay "friendly visits" to Ireland, taking that country under our "benevolent protection." Arrah go on!

*The Second-Class Letterbox.*—The Committee to Secure Justice in the Longo Case needs funds for a Supreme Court appeal of the conviction of John Longo by a Hague-packed jury. Counsel have donated services and friends have been generous but there is still a shortage of a few hundred dollars. Address 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City. . . . The National Public Housing Conference has sent out appeals to those who would not like to see the work of slum-clearance lost in the frenzy over national defense. A Senate-approved bill for housing subsidies can't be got out of House committee unless more people get after their congressmen. . . . The ILD is at work on its annual drive to get funds for the support of labor's prisoners—112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City.

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# Books for the Millions

THERE ARE TWO WAYS to make money publishing books. One is to print new books, after a cautious reading of the manuscript indicates that the book *should* sell. The second is to reprint best-sellers in cheaper editions for a mass audience. A new book is as risky as a new bride's biscuits. A best-seller is a tested article: many people have approved it and many more would buy it at bargain prices.

A publisher may experiment with the price and format of a reprint; he is much less likely to challenge the accepted system when bringing out new books. For the last twenty years, the backbone of the American publishing business has been the $2.50 novel. If the publisher wishes to make a profit on such a novel, he must sell no less than 2,500 copies; at any rate this is the generally accepted figure. The author—on the average—gets about 32 cents and the bookseller about $1.03 for each copy sold. Twenty-one cents goes for the plates; 31 for printing, paper, binding and jacket; 17 for advertising and 39 for overhead. And then the publisher gets 6¾ cents. On half of his books, he fails to break even. Five out of every ten new books he publishes lose money; he is lucky if one in every ten sells as many as 20,000 copies.

Many European publishers have a different notion, though conditions vary from one country to another. Most French novels are sold in paper covers for less than 50 cents apiece. In Germany light novels are often published quite cheaply, and there is the famous Tauchnitz series of reprints. In England the Penguin Press has been binding new books in paper covers and selling them by the hundreds of thousands. Penguin books cost sixpence.

For many years Americans have been bringing home copies of these books and trying to make American publishers believe that they too could publish their volumes in mass quantities at low prices and make a profit. The publishers, after a careful calculation of risks and possible markets, have made no concessions on the new-book-at-$2.50 standard. They remember that, in the early 1930's, dollar novels were a failure. As for reprints at 25 cents, they have been full of doubts. The masses, they said, won't buy books; their present clientele won't buy cheap books; anybody who tries to publish them will lose his shirt.

In June, 1939, Mr. Robert F. deGraff published ten reprints in an edition of 10,000 copies each. They were printed on thin but opaque paper in a good readable type, bound in "Perma-Gloss" (a thin cardboard covered with a substance resembling cellophane), with a flashy four-color cover illustration. They were called Pocket Books (they fitted into a man's pocket or a woman's handbag without bulging). They sold for 25 cents.

Before releasing them to a national audience, Mr. deGraff staged an experimental sales campaign in New York City. At the end of the first week, the ten books were sold out. During the first six days, Macy's sold 4,100 copies. Leading the series was Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights," whose hero, Heathcliff, had been captivating the ladies at the Rivoli Theatre. "Lost Horizon" was second and Dorothy Parker's razor-backed verses collected in "Enough Rope" came third, without benefit of the movies.

Almost everyone was enthusiastic except the editors of publishing firms, who were skeptical. "He hasn't hit the public yet," they said. "Wait till he tries Philadelphia." And "New Yorkers go for anything tricky." And "The price is too high. He's got to cut it down to 10 or 15 cents and compete with the magazines."

By now it is generally known that there are at least 30,000,000 Americans who never buy books and very seldom see one. The 250 people of Arp, Texas, and the 13,862 people of Phenix City, Alabama, live miles away from the nearest bookstore. The trade publishers have never been able to reach them, because distribution costs are too high and books are too expensive. If Mr. deGraff could rediscover this vast untapped bookless America and sell his reprints there, he would be realizing a publisher's dream. His problem was distribution.

In August Pocket Books left New York and began to tour the country. Whereas trade publishers were using between 850 and 1,200 outlets in getting their books before the public, deGraff arranged for 9,000. One of these was Butler Brothers, who sell through more than 100,000 grocery stores from coast to coast. The outlets for Pocket Books are becoming as nationwide as the outlets for chewing gum, and last spring about thirty new ones were being added daily. While the trade watches, deGraff sells his reprints: through drug chains (Liggett, Whelan, Walgreen), through cigar-store chains (United Cigar, Faber, Coe and Gregg), through dollar-top department stores (Kresge, Kress, McCrory, Grant, Newberry, Neiser, Green, Murphy), through newsstands (Collier, Interborough, American News, Union News) and through mail-order houses (Sears, Roebuck; Spiegel). His salesmen are finding markets for him where books never before have been sold. A Houston, Texas, grocery store sold 575 copies in two days. The Phenix City Pharmacy in Phenix City, Alabama, bought 100 books from an agent, sold them and bought another 100.

A dozen or more attempts have been made to publish cheap reprints in the United States. Sold mostly through the conventional trade outlets, they have been priced anywhere from 39 cents to $2.50. Some, like Everyman's and the Modern Library, include old and modern classics; others, like Triangle, have specialized in pulp and slick-paper magazine fiction. The closest attempt to duplicate Tauchnitz and Penguin was made by Modern Age Books, which issued both original and reprint editions in paper covers, at prices as low as 25 cents. Modern Age was not only trying to sell a new idea, but also a new kind of book that proved to be above the heads of the audience it was trying to reach. Morley Callaghan's "They Shall Inherit the Earth," Leo Huberman's "The Labor Spy Racket" and Ignazio Silone's "Fontamara" are not calculated for success if one must dispose of a half-million copies. Modern Age has now at least temporarily abandoned its first program and is publishing books in conventional bindings at conventional prices.

Pocket Books have demonstrated for the first time that 25-cent books can be manufactured and sold successfully. They have blended better than any other series the elements of a mass appeal: nationwide distribution, low standard price, attractive format and flashy cover, and, most im-

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portant of all, a brilliant selection of titles. On his first list of ten books, Mr. deGraff made several experiments. Did the masses judge a book by its weight? He issued "Shakespeare's Five Tragedies," a single volume of 576 pages. The book paid its own way, but did not sell enough copies to indicate that bulk was the inducement. Did the masses buy verse? Dorothy Parker's "Enough Rope" sold so well that an anthology of poetry and one of humorous verse were scheduled to follow it. Did the masses buy mystery stories as well as borrow and rent them? The sale of Agatha Christie's "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd" has encouraged Pocket Books to issue one mystery a month, most of which are among their twenty best-sellers.

Mr. deGraff has succeeded in disproving two accepted principles of reprint publishing: he has shown that a reprint firm need not seek the lowest common denominator to compete with the pulp and trash magazines, but with proper bait could market good books in wholesale quantities; he has also shown that people would buy books without cloth covers. He thinks of himself as in the business of selling books, not in the profession of improving the masses. Yet in making the first absolutely hard-boiled effort to reach the 30,000,000 people who ordinarily don't buy books, he has come closer to practical humanitarianism than almost any of his competitors. And he is not destroying the market for new books at $2.50, as was several times predicted. According to an article last spring in Publishers' Weekly, he is stimulating the sale of *all* books by bringing into the bookshops an entirely new layer of the literate American public.

MILTON G. LEHMAN

# Books in Review

## The Gallup Polls

THE PREDICTION of election results has grown much safer during recent years because of the development of the new technique for the scientific measurement of public opinion, which is largely replacing the old straw vote.

Messrs. Gallup and Rae, in "The Pulse of Democracy," point out the reasons for the failure of the non-scientific straw votes to make accurate predictions, even when they tallied more than two million votes (as The Literary Digest did), while Gallup, Roper or Crossley can achieve considerably more reliable results with samples as small as 6,000, properly distributed according to income, occupational, geographical, sex, age and other interest groupings. Their description of this new method of gauging public opinion is as important as it is interesting because a rudimentary knowledge of how the polls are conducted is essential to a critical understanding of their possibilities and limitations.

Those who have not followed polling results in the newspapers will be interested in the discursive summary of the recent polls, which forms a large part of the book. Of special interest are the chapters describing the public's reaction toward open discussion of venereal disease, the breakdown of voters' confidence in the honesty of the Louisiana election machinery (it would be interesting for Dr. Gallup to see if this attitude is unique to Louisiana, as he seems to think), and the question of how wide a mandate the voters intend to give the man whom they elect President.

The authors climb quite far out on a limb when they plead for a sort of super-official status for the polls, and intimate that the legislator who does not heed Dr. Gallup evinces a distrust of the intelligence of the common people. It seems quite likely that nothing could be more harmful to the country, and even to the Gallup polls themselves, than blind acceptance of their results. It is well to remember that even though it calls itself an "Institute," Dr. Gallup's organization is merely the part-time enterprise of the vice-president of a large advertising agency, which handles the accounts of many companies with a strong interest in legislation.

Best when it describes polling techniques and discusses survey results, this book is considerably weakened by its excursions into the broader fields of abstract governmental forms. In general these excursions are tedious, and give rise to the suspicion that they are included merely to give the book a wider appeal and to prove that Dr. Gallup is no mere adding-machine operator, but a Social Philosopher who can polish a generality and shadow-box with a dictator as well as the next. There is, of course, no real connection between public-opinion polling and democratic government, and as good a case could be made to show that the polls are a totalitarian invasion of privacy as that which Messrs. Gallup and Rae make to show that they are the authentic *vox populi* which Lord Bryce described as the necessary complement for the perfection of democratic government in America.

Space thus wasted might better have been devoted to a fuller critical survey of polling techniques as they have thus far been developed. Two items in particular might well have received attention. The first is the charge, frequently leveled, that the wording of questions is inept, and that topics are selected without imagination or political understanding. As the authors themselves admit, there is no process more delicate than the phrasing of questions, and numerous instances may be cited, in Dr. Gallup's poll as well as others, where wording is patently bad, and where the timing and selection of topics have resulted in bias. A second item is the influence of the field worker. It is inconceivable that respondents' answers are not determined, partially at least, by the appearance and mannerisms of the interviewer. Just how does Gallup select his employees, and what bias, if any, inheres in this method of selection? This has never been fully explored, and no one has the material to do a better job than Dr. Gallup. Factors such as these suggest that the success of the polls

[1] The Pulse of Democracy, by George Gallup and Saul F. Rae. New York: Simon and Schuster. 335 pages. $2.50.

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in predicting the outcome of election contests is by no means an indication of their accuracy in reflecting attitudes on issues of policy.

The book, in general, tends to be excessively wordy. It does afford a good opportunity to gain some understanding of the method of the public-opinion survey, but no better than that which is afforded by pamphlets which can be obtained free from Dr. Gallup by writing to him at the American Institute of Public Opinion, 110 East Forty-Second Street, New York City. JEROME H. SPINGARN

## Advice to Artists

Thinking of you today, my friends,
I think how you too, painting and cutting stone,
will find nothing to laugh at during the
imminent great wars.

You basing your hopes, the hope of your art,
on future generations—
well, then, begin to find good places
for your paintings, drawings, marbles
done in privation.

Think of the treasures of the British Museum
ransacked from everywhere, collected here
at great personal and financial sacrifice;
the work of an antique world preserved at a street-
corner
to be ground to dust by a few bombs
between 9 a. m. and 9:10.

Where can we deliver them?
Where can they put the works of art?
No safety, try ships' holds, the mountain sanato-
riums,
the steel safe-deposit vaults—no safety!

Try to get permission
to paint in the subway-stations,
or, better yet, in the big sunken hangars
in concrete seven stories underground.

Paintings done right on the walls
don't take any space.
Landscapes and a few still-lifes
won't bother a bombing crew.
And you might set up small legible signs
suggestive, visible, easy to read
saying that at such a depth, under the building
indicated,
there lies a small canvas of yours, representing
the face of your wife;
That future generations, your unborn comforters,
may learn that art existed in our times.
They might start searching, shovel away the heap
while the sentinel in his bearskin
on the roof of the skyscraper, gun across his knees
watches to start an enemy or a hen.
He's hungry, his belly's empty, he could use a hen.

BERT BRECHT

*English by Muriel Rukeyser*

# Her France, Her Paris

*Paris France, by Gertrude Stein. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 127 pages. $1.75.*

GERTRUDE STEIN has been living in her beloved France since 1903, and her explanation is that "writers have to have two countries, the one where they belong, and the one in which they really live." Her book, written just before and after the outbreak of the present war, is two parts how she thinks France contributes to twentieth-century culture, and one part what happens in the provinces when France is attacked from outside her borders, if not from outside the twentieth century.

England has had the disadvantage of believing in progress. But France "could believe in civilization in and for itself, and so she was the natural background" for the 1900-39 period. France was the place "everybody had to be to be free." This was possible because of the French people, or Miss Stein's idea of the French as a civilized people—traditionalists and at the same time logical and realistic; polite but truthful; wary of intimacy; individual revolutionists; never cruel or brutal; kind to animals and devoted to children and to the family. All of which means that they minded their own business and let immigrant artists alone—those artists who were to "create" the twentieth century. For France, though more interested in civilization itself, tolerated the "progression toward the state of being civilized."

Miss Stein is an acute, thoughtful and sympathetic observer. But no matter how well she knows her France, and no matter how much she loves it, she remains a foreigner and an intellectual of a certain type and time—that is, a specialist in words and in the daily life of a limited group, to the exclusion of general ideas and the life of the country at large. By her nationality and her type of life-in-art she is doubly limited as a spokesman for the French people. It is her Paris and her France she writes about, not theirs.

Most of the artists and writers of the international set were wholly preoccupied with art and daily living. They accepted facilely, scornfully, a government that "has pretty well done what they all think a government should do: let them alone, protected them, on the whole, from the enemy, and though it costs a good deal, this government, it might cost more if it were another government." They took war for granted: "War is more like a novel than it is like real life and that is its eternal fascination." "There is always going to be a general European war, it makes logic." "Of course it is awful to be always under the threat of war and yet does it do something about logic and fashion that is interesting." Like too many of us, they were living in a dream.

Another fatal mistake was the assumption that virtue triumphs—the French, being civilized, "will have found the way to victory and peace. And a new Europe." The shop-talk of the studios cannot be accepted as an accurate or prophetic interpretation. Too often it leads to such complacent statements as "Germany's music and musicians have been dead and gone these last two years and so Germany is dead."

But any liberal, a year ago, might have endorsed Miss Stein's dedication to England and France, "who are to

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do what is the necessary thing to do, they are going to civilize the twentieth century and make it be a time when anybody can be free, free to be civilized and to be." Even now that such oversimple faith has been proved wrong about France, it is still hoped that England is going to do the "necessary thing."

It should not have to be mentioned that Gertrude Stein can write sentences if she wishes to. Her admiration for the French language ("The French do love to say a thing and say it completely") might be applied to the precision of her own writing. She is shrewd and humorous; deft at anecdotes that capture generalities and words that symbolize concepts. The book is full of aphorisms: "It is false without being artificial." "One has a great deal of pleasure out of dogs because one can spoil them as one cannot spoil one's children." "A child in France is a thing of value . . . and a valuable thing is always well taken care of, and the French use everything but they abuse nothing." "If you have them they are not luxuries and if you do not have them they still are not luxuries."

For its literary quality, for its nostalgic pictures of life in France, and for the lesson to be learned from the fallacies of an intellectual class and the weaknesses that democracy has tolerated, "Paris France" is a book you should read.

DOROTHY CHAMBERLAIN

# The Immobilization of Taste

*Preface to World Literature, by Albert Guérard. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 536 pages. $3.50.*

"WHAT WE ARE STUDYING," says Mr. Guérard, "is the Constitution and By-laws of the World Literature Club." This book is better than the author's words suggest. Between his foreword, in which he adopts Humanism, Individualism and Pragmatic Relativism as the guiding principles of his essay, and the five appendices which constitute a miscellany of critical terms, Nobel prize winners, the fifteen "decisive" books of the world and other information, Professor Guérard discusses the literature of the West under such headings as translation, the "best" classics, taste, tendencies, periods, genres, the "social approach" and the varieties of criticism. His body of reading is full, his scholarship exact and his illustrations are informative.

Yet, despite this richness and range, the book leaves you dissatisfied. The trouble lies in the critical method, and primarily in the peculiar "pragmatic relativism" which the author avows: ". . . let us once for all take it for granted that all -isms are mere figments of the critical imagination; but that, on the critical plane, this pale mythology of abstractions behaves *as if* it possessed some reality."

Any serious discussion of a pale mythology of figments on an *as if* basis must inevitably lead to double trouble. Distinctions will finally display no differences, and anything will turn into everything else. Professor Guérard will demonstrate for you that classicism is romantic and romanticism classic; or he will take down the barriers between the genres, only to build new ones around not only the genre, say, of lyric, but also sub-genres like the "lyrical" lyric and the "highest" lyric. This "pragmatic relativism" seems to place a critic strategically in a beautiful position: he can talk on both sides of every critical question, yet commit himself to neither. But the negation of distinctions has its realistic penalties. Eventually you find Professor Guérard irresponsibly grouping Hitler and Romains together because of their interest in the "folk" soul, and saying that "Woodrow Wilson, William Randolph Hearst, James Branch Cabell, Harold Bell Wright, H. L. Mencken, the Reverend William Sunday, Calvin Coolidge and Granville Hicks are the variegated flowers of the great American tradition."

One way out of this relativistic swamp lies in reverting to a private metaphysic. Professor Guérard leaves us finally with a "self" which exists on three planes—a bundle of sensations, an understanding, and the daimonic or divine, which reveals itself "from below through instinct, from above through intuition." And this "self" has Taste, which saves the day. Taste, the findings of which are "definite and undefinable," means "the capacity to like or dislike without reason." So we all settle down to read George Santayana, "perhaps the greatest in American letters."

The value of this book lies in the incidental information it offers on matters like the genealogy of the phrase "ivory tower," the sociological origins of words like "classic" and "romantic," and the dictatorship of the public taste by our chaotic publishing conditions. But a larger critical design—such as could have been afforded by borrowing the recent implementations in psychology and social science, or by choosing to study not the old abstractions of esthetics but the realistic behaviors of human beings when they write or read books—this design is absent. When you find Professor Guérard's pragmatic relativism growing skeptical of Croce's relativistic esthetic, you feel that relativism has looted its own pockets and you might as well go to bed.

LEONARD BROWN

# One Man's Road

*The Road We Have Covered, by John Andersen Udmark New York: Modern Age Books. 361 pages. $3.50.*

JOHN ANDERSEN UDMARK is a Danish-born American citizen who for fifty years has been trying, quite literally, to "get his path out of his own feet." His background is that of a man who has worked and wandered all his life, reading omnivorously, learning to write, learning to think, trying always—and often against heartbreaking odds—to put his own intensely personal view of the meaning of human history into a lucid and convincing form.

His book may best be described as a philosophic tour through space and time, an outline of knowledge illuminated by the fervor of one man's belief in the power of rationalism and tolerance to bring about the Great Society. Persuasively, with a surprising command of the English language, the author retraces for us the bloody and tortuous roads along which man has advanced. The facts of science are woven with the terrors of bigotry and the Protean delusions of faith in a pattern designed to show that somewhere, somehow, we shall come through to realize the best in all the promises of all the Utopias.

Eclectic rather than critical in his approach, Mr. Udmark has managed to put into his book an astonishing amount of knowledge, ranging from astrophysics to zoology, with frequent excursions into sociology, economics, psychology and

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religion. The effect is impressive and often stimulating, but when it becomes necessary to interpret this encyclopedic panorama of history in terms of values and possibilities, the author begins to stumble. With his harsh contempt for the chauvinist nationalisms of post-Napoleon times few will disagree, and when he eloquently attacks the inhumanities of contemporary capitalism and imperialism, only their beneficiaries will protest. And it is heartening to note his emphasis on the need for more and better freedom.

But Mr. Udmark raises almost as many questions as he has hoped to answer. It is difficult for me to understand what he means by saying that the workers were "better off" during the last war "than they have ever been either before or since," or seriously to credit his statement that even if this war had not been fought, none of the untold billions in money cost would have benefited any of us anyway. On one page he can say that "capitalism spells war, war at home and war abroad, internally and externally." A perfectly sound premise, from which it would seem reasonable to conclude that *if* the last war had been avoided, capitalism would have been just so much weakened, with consequently greater chances of putting the money it cost us to constructive social use.

Mr. Udmark's leitmotif is his belief in an all-embracing "stateless" democracy, equally far removed from the rigors of communism and the venoms of fascism. This, one would think, implies a supreme faith in the capacity of rank-and-file human beings to order and organize their own destinies. Yet, at the very end of his book, he declares, in a rather startling burst of fatalism, that "the people, as such, has little wisdom, few instincts of the right kind."

Such confusion, touching as it does the basic principles of effective social action, is serious. If, like Mr. Udmark, you wish to do entirely away with the state, and yet retain all the powers and potentialities of democracy, a mistrust of the people themselves has you licked before you even start.

HAROLD WARD

# Glory, Glory, California

*Of Human Kindness, by Ruth Comfort Mitchell. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 359 pages. $2.*

SHORTLY AFTER "The Grapes of Wrath" was published, Mrs. Ruth Comfort Mitchell announced that she was hard at work on a "reply" that would deal with the migratory-labor problem in California "without kid gloves." Mrs. Mitchell then confirmed her militant intentions by presiding over a mammoth luncheon in San Francisco, devoted to the task of denouncing Mr. Steinbeck. Consequently her new book, "Of Human Kindness" must be considered as a partisan document. Being a novel written in reply to another novel, it necessarily invites comparison with "The Grapes of Wrath."

"Of Human Kindness" has to do with the Banners, a yeoman farm family of the San Joaquin Valley. Their daughter, Sally, runs away with a hired hand—"Lute," a dumb, shiftless, sex-tormented Okie with a taste for hill-billy music. The marriage of his daughter to an Okie is too much for Ed Banner, a two-fisted, hard-hitting son of the frontier. But alas, the daughter's aberrance is only the beginning of the domestic and social crisis that engulfs the Banner family. The son, Ashley, falls under the subversive influence of a Red on the faculty of the local high school, who looks "a little like a rabbit" and instructs her pupils that conditions in California are "just like the French Revolution." His mental balance disturbed by this incendiary talk, young Ashley throws in his lot with a girl communist. "She's Carmen—and Delilah—and Borgia," screams Mary Banner, the heroine. "She's appalling. She terrifies me. She's a Black Widow Spider!" She is also, it seems, an enchantress. "Willow slim in her white slacks and thin white sweater which was drawn down revealingly over her round little breasts," she hangs limp in the arms of agricultural workers, kisses them "lightly," and in a husky, throbbing voice whispers, "So long, Babe!" Poor Ashley Banner succumbs to the wiles of this cheap communist whore, and follows her into the fields. But he soon discovers her in rut with a Party organizer, and the spell that her insidious charm once exercised is forever broken.

Well, anyway, the story is sweetly resolved: Ashley returns home, penitent and reactionary, apologizes to Papa and nominates the Old Man for state senator; Sally, too, comes home with the no-good Okie and a baby; Ed Banner, in league with his fellow farmers—most of whom are described, incidentally, as small farmers operating eighty acres or so—drives the Reds from the community; "Pinky" Emory, the rabbitlike teacher, is bumped off; and Mary Banner, momentarily bewitched by a charming Eastern journalist who visits the Banners in order to get the real, honest-to-God lowdown on the migratory-labor problem, remains true to her husband and a great and beneficent calm descends upon the Valley.

As one who writes and speaks on behalf of the Associated Farmers, Mrs. Mitchell is unable to describe trade-union organizers, Okies, liberal school teachers and similar characters objectively. She has an obvious distaste for characters of this type and makes them out as a pretty low and detestable breed. But she does not do much better with her own people, the farmers, the townspeople, the first citizens. In her anxiety to become their partisan, she makes them out as sociological saints. The Associated Farmers are the kindest men imaginable—a little quick on the trigger, perhaps; a little brusque with their womenfolk, but underneath their sun-tanned leathery hides, just the salt of the earth. They use force, yes, but it is benevolently applied: a few cracked skulls, a little blood, a few teeth knocked out; but no murders, no vigilantism, no mob violence. As for the living and working conditions of migratory farm labor in California, Mrs. Mitchell makes it quite plain that certain unnamed latecomers to California —"scolding jays and sharp-beaked butcher-birds"—have grossly misrepresented the facts.

Now that the briefs have been filed, so to speak, for both sides, the public should be able to render a verdict. But "Of Human Kindness" and "The Grapes of Wrath" should not be read alone. There is still another document that should be studied, namely, the transcript of the La Follette Committee hearings in California, the volumes of which are now available. They give the facts without the fiction, and the facts support Mr. Steinbeck. As for Mrs. Mitchell's long awaited reply, let's be kind to her and forget it.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

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# A Reader's List

## Biography and Memoirs

ROBINSON JEFFERS, by Lawrence Clark Powell (San Pasqual Press, $2.50). About Spenglerian, Freudian Jeffers, child of science and the classics, seer of past and distant things, who scorns social fads and Marxism; an eager biography and inexhaustible evaluation by one who is overimpressed with everything Jeffers has thought, read or seen. Graphic, but long winded.

TEN VICTORIAN POETS, by F. L. Lucas (Macmillan-Cambridge Press, $2.50). Neat and witty essays by an author so deft, so politely ironic, that his style and thought seem to surpass those of the poets he describes. A progressive analysis of the Victorian mentality, from Tennyson to Hardy, with time out for comparative evaluations, and an indulgent smile for things gone by.

PHILOSOPHY IN THE POETRY OF EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, by Estelle Kaplan (Columbia, $2.25). An earnest, eclectic piece, stressing Robinson's preoccupation with fate and faith, his transcendentalism and his love of truth. It shows the poet blowing a trumpet of hope in an orchestra of disillusionments. Informative, but not disturbing.

GUSTAV ADOLF THE GREAT, by Nils Ahnlund (Princeton, $3). A scholarly but quite readable biography of the Swedish king who was a brilliant warrior as well as a noble human being—one of the few really attractive conquerors in history. Excellent illustrations and maps.

RONSARD, PRINCE OF POETS, by Morris Bishop (Oxford, $3). France's great poet "of the opening rose, of first love, of simple gayety and song" is here presented in a sympathetic, intelligent and witty biography. Full of picturesque details on the life of sixteenth-century France. Contains the original text and original (and admirable) English versions of Ronsard's best lyrics.

## Science

MATHEMATICS AND THE IMAGINATION, by Edward Kasner and James Newman (Simon and Schuster, $2.75). One of the world's top-flight mathematicians and a former pupil have written a gay, brilliant and entirely charming book about the subject from which most of us run away in terror. In their pages, worthy of Lewis Carroll and Augustus De Morgan, we meet the "Googol," most enormous of numbers, "Pie," and patho-circles; rubber-sheet geometry; paradoxes, lost and regained; the mysteries of chance and probability; and all manner of strange puzzles designed to make us forget our proper work. A genuine tour de force of popularization, and the perfect companion piece to Hogben's "Mathematics for the Millions."

IT IS YOUR LIFE, by Max M. Rosenberger (Scholastic Book Press, $2.50). A useful compendium of medical information and advice for laymen, written by a practising New York physician. Strong on diet, drugs and personal hygiene and on the care of common ailments, but in no sense a substitute for the doctor when real trouble starts. The high moral tone sometimes assumed is annoying but may be disregarded.

THE MARCH OF MEDICINE, edited by Iago Galdston and others (Columbia University Press, $2). Six scholarly and readable essays in the history of medicine, adapted from the 1938 and 1939 Lectures to the Laity sponsored by the New York Academy of Medicine. Highlights are the entertaining account of medical superstitions by Dr. Walter Alvarez; the story of modern surgery by Dr. Charles Heyd, of insanity by Dr. R. G. Hoskins; and a short but eloquent defense of psychiatry by Dr. Karl Menninger.

## Fiction

LATE HARVEST, by Olive B. White (Macmillan, $2.50). About a Catholic family that suffered from persecution in Queen Elizabeth's England. Some nice sixteenth-century detail here, plus plenty of those secret hideouts and nick-of-time escapes that lent glamor to an outlawed religion. Another historical novel dedicated to the proposition that if your background is solid enough your characters needn't carry much weight as individuals.

THE UNQUIET FIELD, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (Macmillan, $2.50). Four generations of an English family, from 1720 in Liverpool on through 1841 in America. The fortunes of all of them come from the slave trade; the convictions of half of them are dead against it. A book with an impressive theme that gets thinner as it stretches along the years; by the fourth generation you need a genealogical chart to keep straight which children are whose.

## Contributors

Hamilton Basso, novelist, biographer and political journalist, lives in North Carolina, where he is at work on a new novel.

Stuart Chase has written widely on economic and sociological subjects. Among his books are "Rich Land, Poor Land," "The New Western Front," "The Tyranny of Words" and "Idle Money, Idle Men," which will be published by Harcourt, Brace on August 22.

Raymond Postgate has for many years been a historical student of European revolutionary movements. He is the author of "Murder, Piracy and Treason," "Dear Robert Emmett" and "How to Make a Revolution," among other books. At present he is editor of The (London) Tribune.

H. N. Brailsford, London correspondent for The New Republic, is widely known as a writer on history, economics and international affairs.

Milton G. Lehman is a free-lance journalist and publisher's reader.

Jerome H. Spingarn has contributed articles and reviews to Harper's, The Public Opinion Quarterly, The Columbia Law Review and The New York Times. He is a member of the New York Bar.

Bert Brecht is a distinguished German poet and playwright. He is the author, among other works, of "Die Dreigroschenoper," which was filmed and shown in America as "The Beggar's Opera." He lived in Denmark from 1933 until Hitler's invasion this spring, when he escaped to Finland.

Dorothy Chamberlain, who has lived in France, is now on the staff of Good Housekeeping. She has written for The New York Times and The Baltimore Sun.

Leonard Brown is a professor of English at Syracuse University. He is the editor of an anthology of modern short stories, and co-editor of "A Quarto of Modern English Literature."

Harold Ward's special interest is in the social implications of science and technology, a subject on which he contributes frequently to various periodicals.

Carey McWilliams, author of "Factories in the Field," is the California State Commissioner of Immigration and Housing.

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